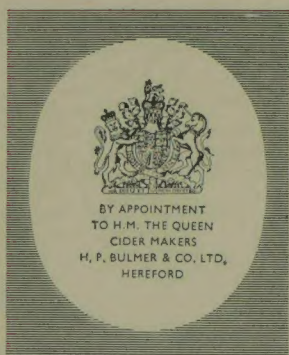


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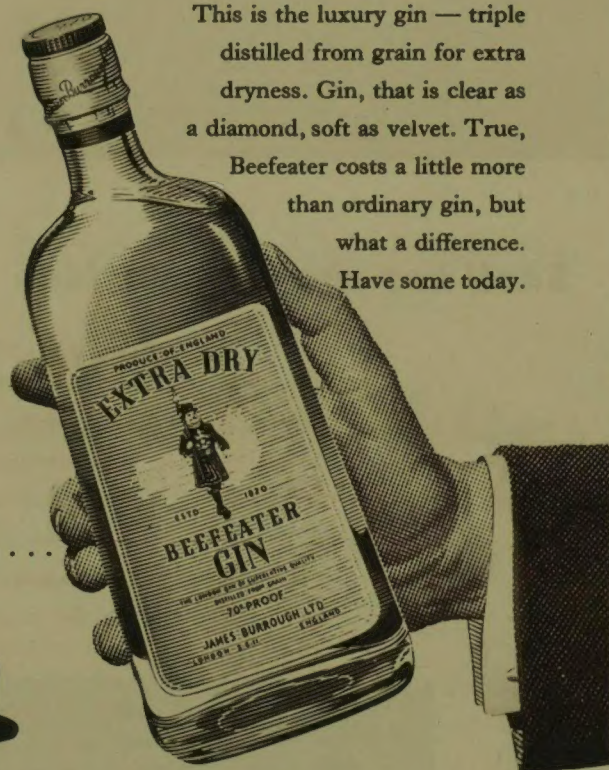
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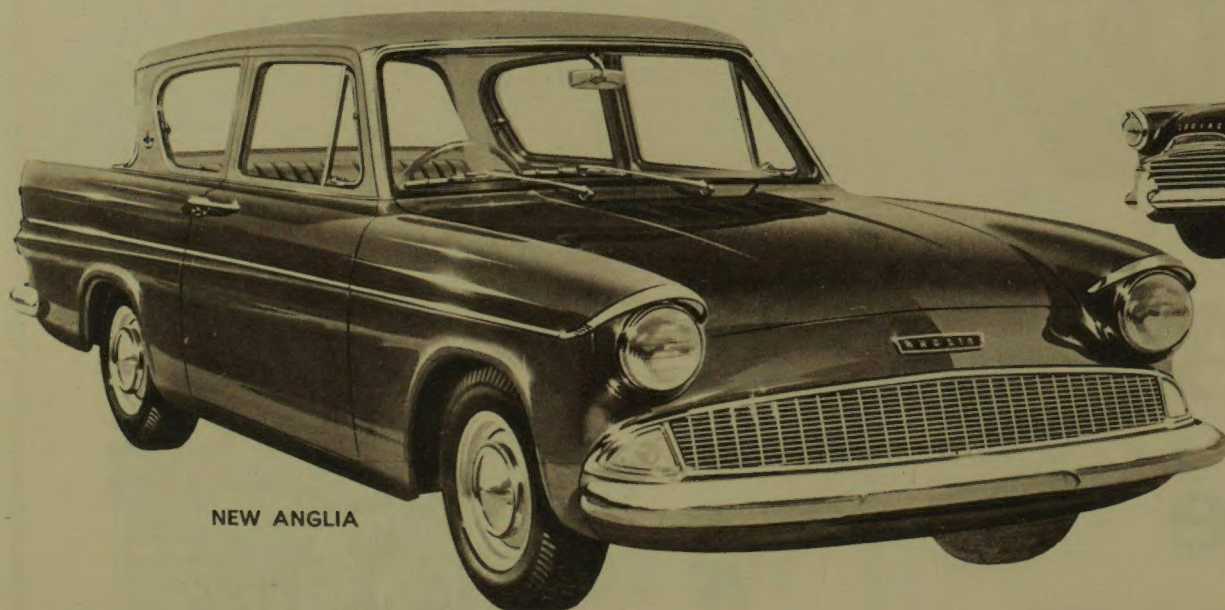
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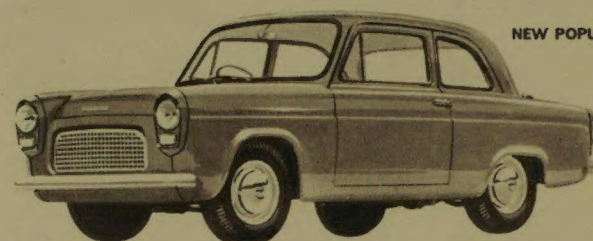
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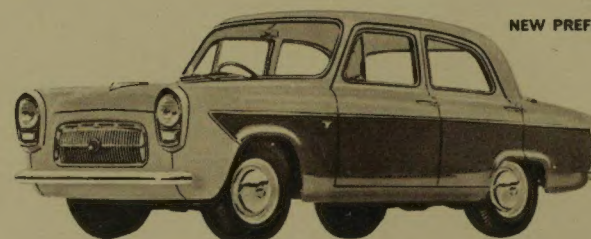
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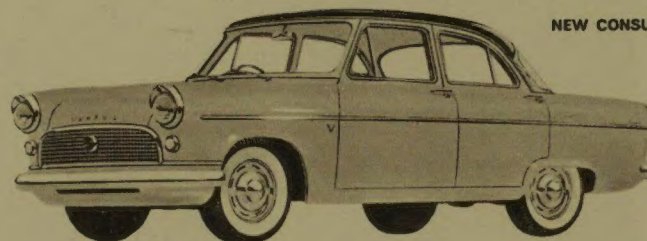
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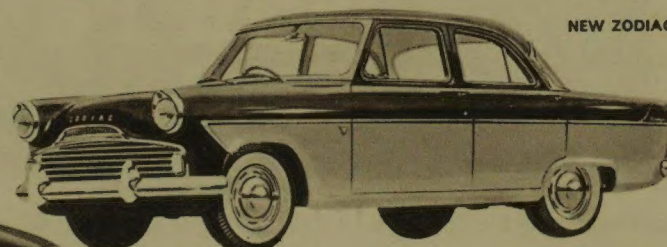
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SATURDAY, OCTOBER 31, 1959.



THE NEW SPEAKER OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS: SIR HARRY HYLTON-FOSTER, Q.C., WHOSE APPOINTMENT, THOUGH UNANIMOUS, WAS CRITICISED ON A POINT OF PARTY PRINCIPLE, SEEN IN HIS LIBRARY AT WESTMINSTER.

At the first sitting of the new House of Commons on October 20, Sir Harry Hylton-Foster was elected Speaker. He has been Solicitor-General since 1954 and is M.P. for the Cities of London and Westminster. He succeeds Mr. W. S. Morrison, who retired. Negotiations on a suitable candidate for the office had been carried on between Mr. Butler, as Leader of the House, and Mr. Gaitskell, the Leader of the Opposition; they broke down because Sir Frank Soskice, Q.C., who was the only member of the Opposition acceptable to the

Government, declined the invitation. Sir Harry Hylton-Foster's election was unopposed, although there was considerable Opposition resentment. He showed the traditional reluctance to fill the office and was duly dragged to the chair. The next day the Queen, by proxy, confirmed him as Speaker at the ceremony in the House of Lords. After the ceremony he returned to the House of Commons to conduct the taking of the oaths of allegiance. His father-in-law Lord Ruffside was, as Colonel Clifton-Brown, the Speaker before last.



By ARTHUR BRYANT.

A FEW weeks ago there appeared a paragraph in the Press that shocked me and, I should imagine, a good many other people. It was about an old lady of ninety who had been committed by a Local Authority to hospital against her will on the grounds that the Authority's officers considered she was too old to look after herself, and had subsequently been presented by the hospital authorities with a bill of nearly £500 for her maintenance over the past eighteen months. I refrain from naming the Authority because I do not know the details of the case and there may be facts unreported which might modify one's first feelings of indignation at such seeming injustice and tyranny. But the Clerk of the County Council concerned is reported to have said that the old lady "did not want to go to hospital and, since then, every three months orders have been made for her continued detention." And though I have not the slightest doubt that every official involved in this lamentable affair was acting strictly within his legal rights and performing what he conceived to be his duty, I cannot help feeling that a shocking act of tyranny has been, and is apparently still being, committed, in the name of abstract social justice and humanity.

For old ladies treasure their independence greatly; it may well be the only satisfaction in life left to them. For the Welfare State, in the execution of its complex and often contradictory laws, to rob them both of their freedom and their savings is, in my opinion, a crime against the liberty of the subject and a grave abuse of power. And if the Minister of Health has any feeling for either justice or humanity he should, I feel, look into this case very carefully and, if he finds the facts to be as I have stated them—and my account of them is admittedly based purely on what I have read at second-hand in the popular Press and is not founded on first-hand knowledge—and the present state of the Law to be such as to force the Local Authorities to act as they have done, he will, one hopes, ask Parliament to reconsider and alter the Law. For it is the essence of a Christian society that its laws should be based as far as possible on justice, and the essence of justice is that the individual should recognise that what is being done in the name of Law, however unpalatable, is just. And how can an old lady, who loves her own familiar home and wishes to live in it, regard it as just if the Local Authority, which she has helped to elect and pay for, forcibly removes her from it, incarcerates her in a public institution and retains her there against her will and then compels her to pay out of her savings for the cost of keeping her there? And what, incidentally, is the use of Government urging people to save for their old age if their savings are subsequently to be seized against their will and employed for maintaining them in what seems to them a form of imprisonment? I fully appreciate that old ladies of ninety living alone may find it very hard to look after themselves properly, and that the inadequacy of their attempts to do so may seem horrifying to tidy-minded and

well-meaning bureaucrats entrusted with the administration of public health. But unless that inadequacy is a menace to the health of others, the right to judge whether an individual is happier in her own home or in a public institution should

in his concentration camps with a bill for their maintenance costs.

I am not, of course, suggesting that the institutions and hospitals kept by our benevolent Statutory Authorities bear any resemblance to Belsen and Buchenwald. So far as I know they are most efficiently and humanely administered and are, one hopes, everything they should be. Yet to a helpless old lady of spirit, forcibly removed to and detained in one for the remainder of her days, I strongly suspect that such forcible detention seems almost as terrible and intolerable a personal deprivation and injustice as the monstrous tyrannies inflicted by Hitler's satraps seemed to their wretched victims. Liberty is very dear to nearly all men and women of our race and, as one grows older and other comforts and pleasures fail, it becomes dearer. Those who frame and those who administer our laws should be very careful that they do not needlessly or unjustly deprive any individual of it; for when they do they are violating the most sacred of all the principles for which we and our forbears have struggled throughout the ages. "If I cannot reform with equity," said Edmund Burke, "I will not reform at all." And everyone engaged in public administration ought constantly to bear this adage in mind and test the effect of their proposals and measures by it. It is so easy for well-meaning and industrious persons entrusted with authority to forget that what they, in the pride of their hearts, esteem to be for the public good may ultimately result in injuries to the individual greater than the supposed public benefit sought. There are, of course, many cases where private injury has to be done in order that some great measure of public good may ensue, outweighing in its benefits to the many its hurt to the few. But in the torrent of remedial legislation, drafted by well-meaning and tidy-minded administrators, that to-day pours continuously through Parliament, a great deal reaches the Statute Book that presses harder on the individual than is realised. The injury done to this old lady, deprived alike of her liberty and her savings for no other crime save that of being old and helpless, would appear to be a case in point.

What I believe is needed to-day is a reviewing body—a kind of Ministry or Standing Commission of Equity—whose business it would be to review all legislation and its practical effects on the individual and to make a public pronouncement wherever it resulted in injustice or tyranny. One of the greatest of all our institutions—the Courts of Equity and Chancery—arose in the latter

Middle Ages to redress a similar tendency to injustice brought about by an over-rigidity and formalism in the administration of the Common Law. For all human institutions tend to ossify and harden unless constantly subjected to the check of conscience and what we call justice, and our Welfare State, for all its virtues, is no exception to this truth. Mercy, justice, kindness, in the last resort spring from the consciousness of the individual and can never be institutionalised and divorced from it without a relapse into tyranny.



A LIFE-SIZE MADONNA AND CHILD CARVED IN OAK (circa 1200) THAT MAY BE BY ONE OF THE SCULPTORS OF CHARTRES.

This oak carving of the Madonna and Child, which has recently been acquired by the Boston Museum of Fine Arts, was discovered in Normandy. It was covered in whitewash and the original paintwork was revealed when it was cleaned. Its style and beauty suggest a connection with the great Ile-de-France cathedrals.

surely be left to the individual. And if for any good and proper cause—and I find it hard to think of one—the individual's personal preference for liberty, the most sacred of all an individual's rights, has to be overridden, then the Public Authority or Authorities that take upon themselves this tremendous responsibility should pay the cost of what they have ordained in the public name and not expect the victim of their authoritarian decrees to foot the bill. Even Hitler, so far as I know, did not present those he incarcerated

A BALLET TRIUMPH AND A CUBAN ARREST—AND OTHER NEWS ITEMS.



UNDER CONSTRUCTION BY THE FRENCH ELECTRICITY AUTHORITY: THE NEW DAM FOR HYDRO-ELECTRIC POWER ON THE RIVER ORNE, IN NORMANDY. WHEN COMPLETED IT WILL GENERATE, SO IT IS REPORTED, THE EQUIVALENT OF 25,000,000 KW.-HOURS.



ANGRY CROWDS OUTSIDE A HAVANA POLICE STATION: A SCENE IN THE CUBAN CAPITAL AFTER A "DRUNKEN MAN WITH A KNIFE" HAD BEEN ARRESTED.

An ugly scene threatened after a man armed with a knife and described as drunk was arrested after approaching Dr. Fidel Castro on October 22. The man, Roberto Salas Hernandez, is reported to have narrowly escaped being lynched by the crowd.



(Above.) SPANNING A RUGGED GORGE IN SWITZERLAND: THE WOODEN FRAMEWORK OF A FUTURE BRIDGE.

The narrow road to the Swiss mountain village of Saas-Fee, in the Valais canton, is too narrow for the many tourists who come to gaze at the immense glaciers nearby. So a new road will shortly serve the village, crossing a deep gorge near Stalden.



A RECENT—AND RARE—ACQUISITION FOR THE LONDON ZOO: A YOUNG FEMALE JAGUARONDI, A SOUTH AMERICAN FELINE.

It is more than twenty-five years since the Zoo had a jaguarondi (*Felis jaguarondi*). The species comes from South and Central America, is reddish-brown in colour and in maturity reaches a length of 4 ft. 7 ins. (including the 2 ft. tail).

(Right.) TRIUMPH FOR A BEAUTIFUL DANCER: MISS ANTOINETTE SIBLEY, 21, WHO TOOK OVER A LEADING ROLE AT COVENT GARDEN RECENTLY. Because of the sudden indisposition of Miss Nadia Nerina, the leading rôle in "Swan Lake," that of Odette-Odile, was taken by Miss Antoinette Sibley on October 24. The rôle is considered one of the most difficult in classical ballet.



FROM A HOME-MADE "FLYING SAUCER" TO A NEW TECHNICAL COLLEGE.



A HOME-MADE "FLYING SAUCER" BEING DEMONSTRATED BY ITS INVENTOR AT PRINCETON, U.S.A.: THE AEROMOBILE, WHICH RIDES A FEW INCHES OFF THE GROUND ON AN AIR CUSHION—MADE BY DR. WILLIAM BERTELSON IN HIS SPARE TIME FROM WOOD AND ALUMINIUM.



A HOME-MADE HELICOPTER, USED BY ITS INVENTOR TO TRANSPORT HIMSELF AND HIS GOLF CLUBS ALONG THE COURSE: A REVOLUTION IN GOLF INTRODUCED BY MR. IGOR BENSEN AT A GOLF COURSE IN NORTH CAROLINA. IN HIS DEMONSTRATION MR. BENSEN SHOWED ITS POSSIBILITIES.



A GIANT PAIR OF BOOTS BEING HOISTED TO THE FLAGPOLE OF ST. CRISPIN'S CHURCH, BERMONDSEY: A COMMEMORATION OF THE PATRON SAINT OF SHOEMAKERS.



A NEW PASSENGER AND CARGO LINER AFTER HER LAUNCHING IN BELFAST ON OCTOBER 20: R.M.S. ARAGON. R.M.S. *Aragon*, a new 20,000-ton passenger and cargo liner built for Royal Mail Lines Ltd., was launched in Belfast on October 20. From April next year she will ply between London and South America.



THE SMALLEST TELEVISION SET IN THE WORLD—WITH A 1½-IN. SCREEN. THE SET, WHICH WAS BUILT BY MR. CHARLES WILSON, OF LUTON, IS SUITABLY PUT IN A DOLL'S HOUSE.

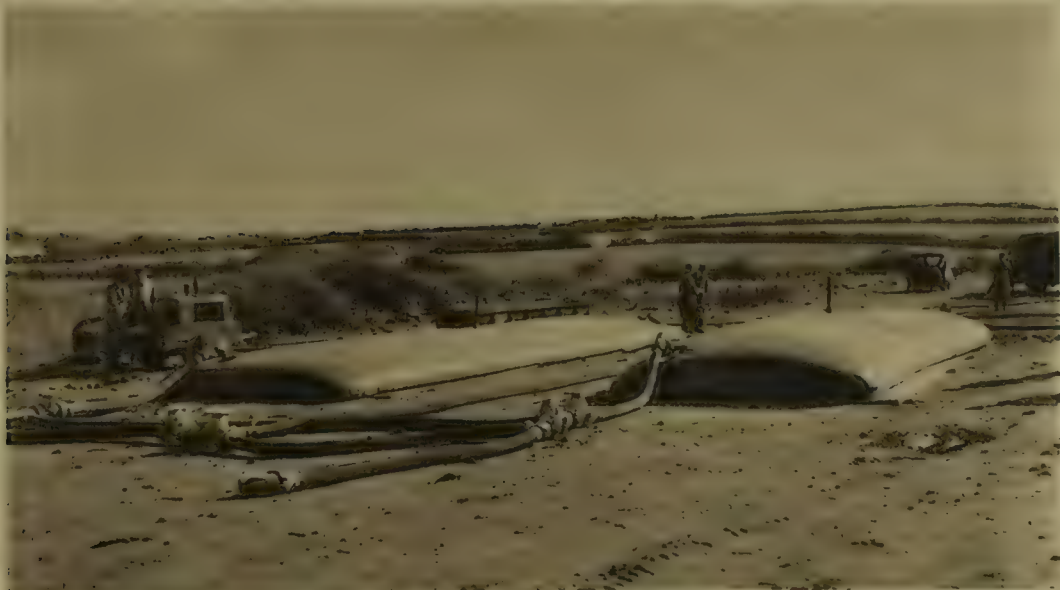


AT THE OPENING OF THE NEW METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE, WHICH HAS BEEN BUILT TO REPLACE THE FORMER SPURGEON'S TABERNACLE, WHICH WAS DESTROYED BY ENEMY ACTION. This new Tabernacle, at the Elephant and Castle, is the third to occupy the site. The first, built in 1861, was burnt down in 1898; the second, which replaced it, was destroyed during the war. The opening ceremony was performed by the Rev. H. Tydeman Chilvers.



THE NEWLY-OPENED LIBRARY OF CROYDON'S TECHNICAL COLLEGE, WHICH ALSO SERVES THE COLLEGE OF ART AND THE REQUIREMENTS OF LOCAL INDUSTRY. This new technical library (opened in September) has shelving available for 30,000 volumes, table space on the ground and balcony for 110 students and can display 350 periodicals in racks. It has a special bay for microfilm readers.

A NEW SCHOOL IN HOLLAND PARK; AND A ROYAL COUPLE RECEIVED BY THE POPE.



MOBILE—AND BUOYANT—CONTAINERS FOR FUEL: TWO OF THE FLEXIBLE "DRACONES" LYING ON-SHORE AND BEING FILLED WITH LIQUID FUEL DURING AN ARMY EXERCISE AT MILFORD HAVEN.

An interesting exercise was recently carried out by the R.A.S.C. at Angle Bay, Milford Haven, when a helicopter was used to pick up a pipeline from a D.U.K.W., which came ashore from a landing craft, and join it to a "Dracone"—a flexible container—which was floating in the bay.

(Left.)
RAPID LANDING, STORING
AND DISTRIBUTION OF
PETROLEUM DEMONSTRATED:
A HELICOPTER PICKING UP A
PIPELINE FROM A D.U.K.W. IN
THE EXERCISE "SOFT-LINE."



LEARNING AMID THE ALMOST RURAL SURROUNDINGS OF HOLLAND PARK: THE RECENTLY COMPLETED L.C.C. SCHOOL, SPECIALLY BUILT TO HARMONISE WITH ITS SYLVAN SETTING.

The new L.C.C. school—built to accommodate 2,160 boys and girls—possesses a very attractive feature in its swimming-pool and sun-bathing terrace. All the classrooms are constructed so as to obtain as much sunlight as possible, and are arranged in courtyards, giving the school a somewhat collegiate atmosphere.



REPAIRS FOR AN ASTRONOMICAL CLOCK INSTALLED BY HENRY VIII AT HAMPTON COURT: AN EXPERT WORKING ON THE PLANETARY WHEELS.

This astronomical clock, which incorporates on its face the dates of the month and the signs of the Zodiac, and which also gives high tide at London Bridge, was installed by Henry VIII in Ann Boleyn's Gateway in Hampton Court. It was made in 1540 by a French clockmaker to a German design.



THE FAMILY PHOTOGRAPH AFTER THE MARRIAGE OF MR. R. A. BUTLER, THE HOME SECRETARY, TO MRS. MOLLIE COURTAULD AT ASHWELL, HERTFORDSHIRE, ON OCTOBER 21.

In the village church of St. Mary the Virgin, Ashwell, Mr. R. A. Butler, who is a widower with four children, married Mrs. Courtauld, who is a widow and the mother of six, in a simple service conducted by the Bishop of Chelmsford. The bride and bridegroom left by car for Italy.



PRINCE ALBERT OF LIEGE AND HIS WIFE, PRINCESS PAOLA, BEING RECEIVED IN AUDIENCE BY HIS HOLINESS THE POPE. ON THE PRINCESS'S RIGHT IS THE BELGIAN AMBASSADOR TO ROME, BARON JOSEPH VAN DER ELST.

GENERAL DE GAULLE and his Government put the cat among the pigeons on October 21. The first impression of many observers is that this was what soldiers call "the object of the exercise." Undoubtedly the President has a taste for such theatrical strokes and one which has been sharpened by personal and national ambition in recent months. He has been angered and rendered impatient by what he considers the minor part hitherto allotted to France in the international effort to reach or bring nearer a settlement with Soviet Russia. I would suggest, however, that though this is certainly a factor, it is not the whole story. One can be equally sure that he has always been more sceptical about results than the other great national leaders and always in favour of a slow approach to "the Summit."

He does not believe that a conference at the highest level would be valuable without further detailed preparation. More than this, he considers that signs of determination to ease the present situation ought to come first from Soviet Russia. He wants to see deeds as well as words. In theory this policy is unexceptionable. Yet in fact there have already been some deeds, the respite over Berlin, for example. I shall try to show also that the demands of the French Government, for which he is responsible, are in some ways unreasonable and in their present form unattainable.

The barriers put up by the French President are more unwelcome to the British Government than to those of Britain's allies. The British Prime Minister has been foremost in seeking an early meeting at the Summit. Mr. Macmillan has never suggested that it would solve everything. He knows very well that this is an impossibility. He has propounded about the only novel theory of procedure which has emerged of late: that the best chance of systematic progress lies in a series of high-level conferences, in each of which a limited objective should be set. This method could only be experimental, for the good reason that it would be useless to continue on these lines if it were found that no good resulted. It seems well worth trying, in view of the proved difficulty of making any serious progress through preliminary conferences of Foreign Ministers.

The view has become widespread that progress with Russia means progress with Mr. Khrushchev, that no important agreements are ever likely to be reached unless he is a partner to them, that is, present in the flesh and in his own person reaping the prestige which would accrue from them. I think there is probably a great deal to be said for this opinion. If so, Mr. Macmillan's idea appears all the more worthy of a trial. General de Gaulle's proposal is rather that a Summit conference would be valuable only as a crown to achievement already reached. It is hard to say which would prove to be the better method; indeed there can be no full confidence that either would succeed. The weakest feature of General de Gaulle's seems in

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD.

FRANCE AND "THE SUMMIT."

By CYRIL FALLS,

Sometime Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.

my opinion to be that it might result in a complete cessation of all effort and an extinction of all the hopes of the world.

Neither the United States nor the Federal Republic of Germany has been showing signs of a desire for haste comparable with ours. In fact, the State Department has been inclined to suggest that Mr. Macmillan was in too much of a hurry, while the French Government seems to have considered that the West German was more or less at one with it in its ideas. General de Gaulle's *coup de théâtre* has thus been taken more calmly by both than by us. President Eisenhower is ready to meet the French President. It is possible, however, that both Governments will prefer the formula "early in the New Year" to that of the French Government, which is "in the spring," though they may not support Mr. Macmillan's "this year."

de Gaulle cannot think that Russia is in a position to prevent the African bloc condemning French action in Algeria even if Mr. Khrushchev wanted to, which he does not. Again, as regards South-east Asia, if any speculation about events there is reasonable, it is that Mr. Khrushchev would like China to use the soft pedal. In the

Middle East it seems unlikely that Russia controls the situation in Iraq. She is not at present threatening Persia, as we learnt the other day officially.

France thus seems to be applying a series of tests of Russia's good will which are not, on the whole, conclusive. This is an unfortunate and dangerous practice when the issues are as vital as those of the present. When French spokesmen speak of "Africa" it may be supposed that they mean in particular "Algeria." It is not unreasonable that France should expect prudence in Russian comments on that problem as a token of good faith, but events must to a great extent govern comments, in Russia and indeed the greater part of the world. For example, were French extremists seen to be gaining the upper hand, it would be impossible to expect a mild or guarded treatment of the subject in Russia. What delay the General's partners are

prepared to put up with may be matter for consideration, but it is to be hoped that they will not put up with his provisos.

I fear we must return for a moment longer to the considerations with which we started. General de Gaulle wants to be arbiter. He has never got over the weaknesses displayed in the Second World War. We can sympathise with their origins, belief in France, anxiety to wipe out the stigma of defeat, determination to re-create French pride. Yet this persistent overbidding of his hand, this playing to the gallery, tedious cult of *grandeur*, and brusque manners in his dealings with allied leaders defeats its own ends. If he has to a great extent become odd man out he has in part himself to blame. He could hardly have got a more generous reception than he received in this country

when he came to power, and his measures have received fair and objective criticism since.

However, when the announcements we have been considering were made on October 21 General de Gaulle had not had his talk with Mr. Khrushchev, and no national leader can be included among the top people until he has received that blissful honour. The happiest thing would be that such a meeting should take place at the earliest possible moment. Whatever other results might be, this would probably lead to a relief of the sense of injustice and of the injured pride from which General de Gaulle would appear to be suffering. Most people in this country would be delighted to see him gratified. There has been no conspiracy to shoulder him away. At the same time, he should be informed that the conditions for a Summit conference which he has laid down are not acceptable.



"AT THE FIELD MOUSE'S HOUSE": ONE OF A REMARKABLE SERIES OF CUT-OUTS IN BLACK AND GOLD MADE BY LOTTE REINIGER TO ILLUSTRATE IN OUR CHRISTMAS NUMBER THE FAVOURITE HANS ANDERSEN FAIRY TALE, "THUMBELINA," AND ALSO THE WELL-LOVED STORY OF "PUSS-IN-BOOTS."

Our special Christmas Number, which will be published on November 12, will contain many features to enchant and delight our readers. A highlight of the number is Sir Arthur Bryant's story of his dog *Jimmy*, whom the author made a world-wide character by his articles in our weekly issues. The special Christmas Number is outstanding for fine reproductions—thirty-nine in all—in full colour, of works of art. Among the paintings reproduced are two winter landscapes by Claude Monet; charming child studies by Raeburn, Velasquez, Netscher, Belle and an unknown Florentine; a mysterious painting entitled "Death at the Banquet," which will surely set our readers a fine puzzle in crime detection; and eight very beautiful New Testament scenes from the greatest of illuminated manuscripts, the "Très Riches Heures du Duc de Berry." Perhaps the best-known of the paintings reproduced in our Christmas Number is Millais' delightful "Cherry Ripe." Also in colour are two photographs of Margot Fonteyn in one of her greatest rôles—in the famous ballet "Firebird." Our Christmas Number is not only outstanding in its colour pages, but has much to offer every kind of reader in its articles. James Laver, in "From Nudity to Pantalettes," tells the story of children's dress through the ages; and Robert Aickman gives an enthralling account of English ghosts and unaccountable visitations.

By the time this article sees the light we shall know more about the ideas of General de Gaulle. It seems hardly probable that he will suggest another series of "Genevas." The last was certainly conducted in a happier atmosphere than most of its predecessors, but like them it tended to move in circles, so that its individual debates ended up where they had begun. Indeed, the most interesting feature of the announcements from Paris on October 21 was the list of signs which might be regarded as betokening a real change of heart on the part of Russia and thus point the way to the Summit.

They were to appear in the debates of the United Nations, in South-East Asia, in the Middle East, and in Africa. One may ask what would be the signs in the United Nations. If merely an absence of mischief-making on Russia's part, the suggestion would not be extravagant, but General

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—I.



NAIROBI, KENYA. A RIOT SQUAD DISPERSING A CROWD OF OVER 2000 AFTER SIX AFRICAN MEMBERS OF THE LEGISLATIVE COUNCIL HAD APPEARED IN COURT.

Large crowds in Nairobi gathered outside the magistrates' court on October 20, when Mr. Tom Mboya, the African Nationalist leader, and five of his fellow-members of the Legislative Council were granted a stay of execution in being bound over. The crowds were dispersed.



WASHINGTON, U.S.A. THE BURIAL OF GENERAL MARSHALL AT ARLINGTON NATIONAL CEMETERY ON OCTOBER 20: FORCES PALL-BEARERS CARRYING HIS COFFIN.

The funeral of General Marshall, the author of the Marshall Plan, took place at the Arlington National Cemetery in Washington on October 20. President Eisenhower and Mr. Truman were amongst the 200 mourners.



THE VATICAN. A CONCERT GIVEN BEFORE THE POPE: THE VIENNA SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA, CONDUCTED BY HEINZ WALLBERG, PLAYING IN THE HALL OF THE BENEDICTION ON OCTOBER 17.

On October 17 the Pope was present at a concert given in the Hall of the Benediction in the Vatican by the Vienna Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Heinz Wallberg. The Cardinals are seated in the front row of the audience. The programme was of works by Mozart, Haydn, Schubert and Bruckner.

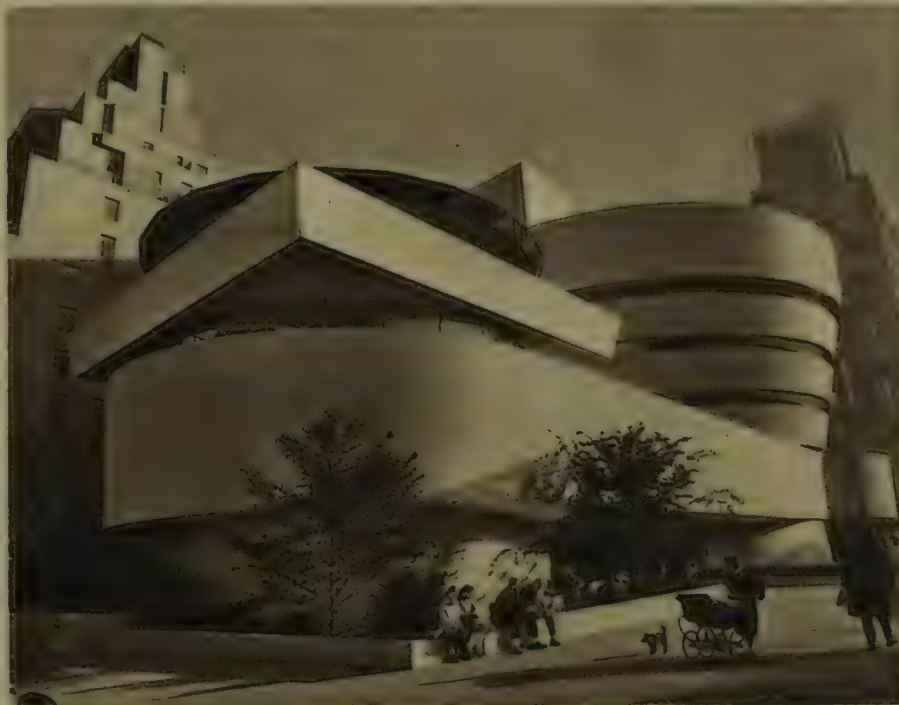


DAMASCUS, SYRIA. FIELD MARSHAL AMER, PRESIDENT NASSER'S RECENTLY APPOINTED DEPUTY IN SYRIA, TALKING TO SYRIAN SOLDIERS.

Field Marshal Abdel Hakim Amer, Commander-in-Chief of the United Arab Republic's forces, has been appointed by President Nasser his deputy in Syria. He is seen here addressing members of the Syrian Army.

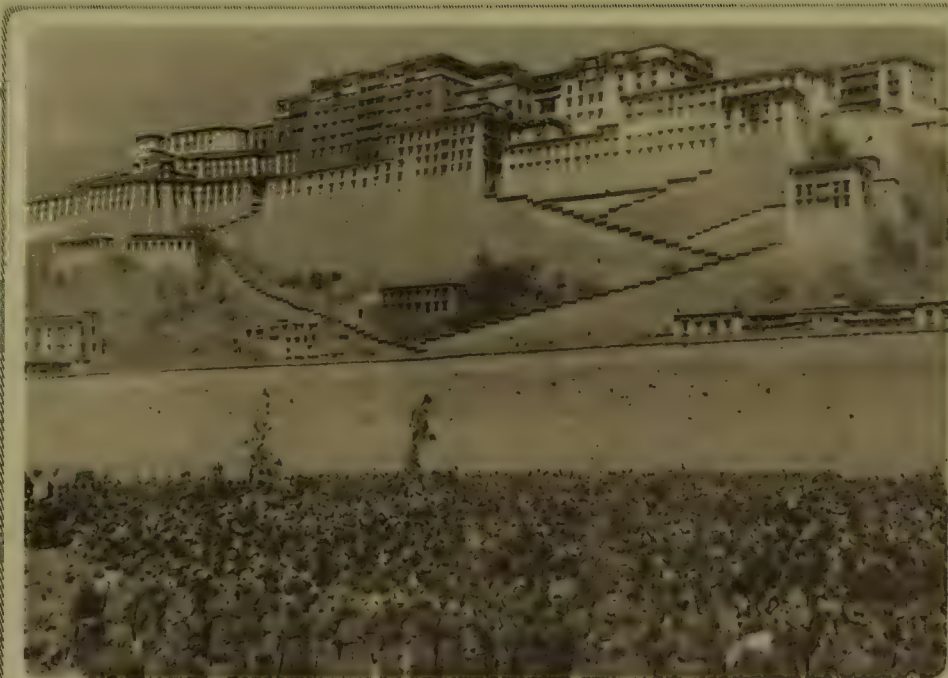


SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS, U.S.A. A WATCH BEING KEPT ON THE QUINTUPLET DAUGHTERS OF THE WIFE OF A U.S.A.F. LIEUTENANT: ALL FIVE FAILED TO SURVIVE. Quintuplet daughters were born to the wife of U.S.A.F. Lieutenant Hannan on October 20 in Lackland base, San Antonio, Texas. They were born prematurely and they all died in a day of being born. They were kept in incubators.



NEW YORK, U.S.A. A REMARKABLE PUBLIC BUILDING BY THE LATE FRANK LLOYD WRIGHT: THE SOLOMON R. GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM CONTAINING A LARGE COLLECTION OF MODERN ART. This unusual museum, which is a memorial to the late Solomon R. Guggenheim, was dedicated on October 21. It is one of Frank Lloyd Wright's last buildings. A ramp more than 440 yards long runs from below the glass dome to ground-level, along which the pictures are mounted.

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—II.



THE LAST HOURS BEFORE THE TRAGIC ANTI-CHINESE UPRISING: THOUSANDS OF TIBETAN WOMEN SILENTLY GATHERING BEFORE THE POTALA PALACE IN PROTEST AGAINST CHINESE TYRANNY.

THE FIELDS SILENT AND EMPTY, AND THE AIR THICK WITH THE SMOKE OF CHINESE GUNFIRE: A SCENE NEAR LLASA IN MID-MARCH, WITH THE POTALA PALACE IN THE LEFT BACKGROUND.

TIBET. THE DALAI LAMA'S FLIGHT TO FREEDOM: THE FIRST PHOTOGRAPHS.

The heroic flight of the young Dalai Lama from Chinese tyranny earlier this year came as moving and sad news to the whole of the free world. In March the Tibetan people, some of the most isolated and independent-minded in the world, rose in anger against the Chinese who were occupying their country, and in the ensuing fighting were ruthlessly butchered and reduced to a state of enforced submission. Meanwhile, their spiritual and temporal ruler fled across the Himalayas and sought political asylum in India. Some of the hazards of this flight can be seen from these photographs—the first pictures to be released. On October 21 in New York the United Nations passed a resolution calling for respect for the fundamental human rights of the Tibetan people.



THE FLIGHT OF THE GOD-KING OVER A SNOW-COVERED HIMALAYAN PASS TOWARDS INDIA: THE PARTY CROSSING THE KARPO PASS ON MARCH 28.



AIDED BY TIBETAN DECOY PARTIES AND THE PRESENCE OF LOW-LYING CLOUD: THE DALAI LAMA, ON A WHITE HORSE, FLEES UNDER CONSTANT THREAT OF CHINESE ATTACK. THE PARTY'S TORTUOUS 300-MILES FLIGHT TOOK FIFTEEN DAYS.



DISGUISED AS A SERVANT AMONG HIS FAITHFUL GUARD OF KHAMBA WARRIORS: THE DALAI LAMA (BESPECTACLED, CENTRE) HIGH IN THE HIMALAYAS DURING HIS FLIGHT TO INDIA. THE UNITED NATIONS HAS RECENTLY DEMANDED THAT THE HUMAN RIGHTS OF THE PERSECUTED TIBETANS BE RESPECTED



A STILL-LIFE OF BRILLIANCE AND SPLENDOR: "NATURE MORTE AVEC UN POT D'AZALEES BLANCHES," BY FANTIN-LATOURE.

Although the flower studies of Henri Fantin-Latour (1836-1904) are plentiful and appear frequently in galleries and sale-rooms, it is a rare moment when a canvas of this splendour and size comes to light (28½ by 23½ ins.). It recently fetched the world record auction price for the artist of £15,000. Unlike his more celebrated contemporaries, Fantin-Latour did not make his name for originality, nor did he possess revolutionary theories about his art; the result is that when looking at his paintings one is tempted to forget that he was an exact contemporary of the Impressionists, being two years younger than Manet and

eight years older than Monet. Yet while keeping apart from the bitterly-fought struggles of the day, Fantin-Latour won for himself the admiration of many members of both opposing camps. His flower-pieces are now among the most beloved paintings of the last century: utterly distinctive in style, warm in colour, brilliant in draughtsmanship and serenely peaceful in atmosphere, they may be counted among the final masterpieces of a dying era, an era that was already succumbing to revolutionary ideas about light and colour. The violent challenges of "modern art" were already on the horizon.

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THE REAPPEARANCE OF THE CELEBRATED HALLEY'S COMET
DEPICTED BY A PAINTER OF THE TIME, SAMUEL SCOTT.
EVIDENCE FOR THE COMET EXISTS AS EARLY AS 240 B.C.

IN the year 1759 Halley's comet was clearly visible in the night sky, with its fiery tail stretching out behind it. In many parts of the world people stood outside in the darkness and watched the great comet with awe and excitement. Just such a scene has been captured by the English artist Samuel Scott (1703-1772) in his "The Reappearance of Halley's Comet in 1759." Fifty-five years previously Halley had become the first astronomer to establish the fact that a comet made periodical returns, and calculated the elliptical orbit of the comet which bears his name. These calculations were verified by the comet's reappearance in the years 1759, 1835 and 1910. Halley's comet is one of nine which belong to the family of the planet Neptune. It has been traced back to the year 240 B.C., and except in the year 163 B.C. every return has been identified with a comet actually observed at the time. It is mentioned both by the Chinese and by Aristotle, while its appearance in A.D. 1066 is recorded in a section of the Bayeux tapestry. (Oil on canvas: 32½ by 44 ins.)

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A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—III.



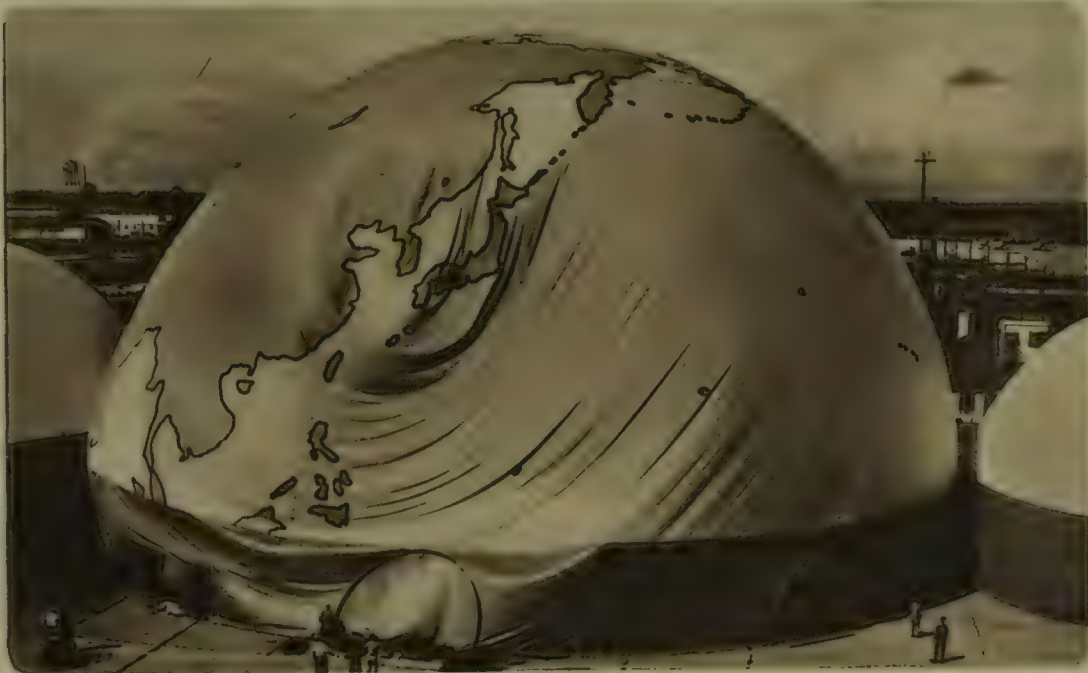
NASHVILLE, U.S.A. A PLASTIC LEG FOR A MAIMED PONY: A LITTLE BOY WATCHING AS HIS PONY, GOLDEN BOY, WHICH LOST A LEG IN AN ACCIDENT, HAS AN ARTIFICIAL LIMB FITTED BY MR. RONNY SNELL, OF THE SNELL ARTIFICIAL LIMB CO.



CALIFORNIA, U.S.A. A TANKER AIRCRAFT CHECKING A BRUSH FIRE—BY DROPPING BORATE SOLUTION—ON OCTOBER 17. THE BRUSH FIRES HAVE BEEN SO WIDESPREAD THAT THEY HAVE THREATENED SOME OF THE SUBURBS OF LOS ANGELES.



COPENHAGEN, DENMARK. AN ENORMOUS CURLY KALE, THAT HAS ATTAINED A HEIGHT OF 5½ FT., GRASPED BY A SMALL BOY IN WONDERMENT. HOURS OF SUNSHINE THIS SUMMER HAVE CAUSED ITS EXCESSIVE GROWTH.



PANAMA CITY, FLORIDA. THE EXPANSION OF NORTH AMERICA: WORKMEN ATTEMPTING TO INFLATE AN 80-FT.-HIGH NYLON-COVERED AIR BUBBLE, CALLED A PENTADOME, WITH A MAP OF NORTH AMERICA PAINTED ON IT. WHEN FULLY BLOWN UP IT COVERED 50,000 SQ. FT., AND WAS USED TO HOUSE INDUSTRIAL EXHIBITS.



ZURICH, SWITZERLAND. A CHURCH OF UNUSUAL ASYMMETRICAL DESIGN: A PYRAMID-SHAPED LUTHERAN CHURCH RECENTLY BUILT ON A TRIANGULAR BASE ON A HAIRPIN BEND IN THE OUTSKIRTS OF ZURICH. THE ARCHITECTS OF THIS REMARKABLE STRUCTURE WERE FRANZ STEINBRUCHER AND E. U. KRAGEL.

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—IV.



KARIBA, FEDERATION OF RHODESIA AND NYASALAND. THE KARIBA DAM, DUE TO BE OPENED BY THE QUEEN MOTHER NEXT MAY: AN AERIAL VIEW TAKEN 8500 FT. ABOVE THE LAKE, SHOWING THE DAM AND THE RIVER-BED OF THE ZAMBESI.

Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother will perform the opening of the Kariba Dam next May during her visit to the Federation of Rhodesia and Nyasaland which was recently announced. The announcement was greeted with general pleasure in the Federation: this will be the Queen Mother's second visit to Rhodesia since 1953. There has been a suggestion that the great lake that is being formed by the inundation of the Zambesi basin behind Kariba should

be named Lake Elizabeth in her honour. It will be the largest man-made lake in the world and will be 175 miles long and 20 miles wide. The Queen Mother will open the first stage of the south bank power station. This already contains three turbines, to which two more will be added in 1961. In spite of the severe flooding last year, the work is now on time. The Queen Mother's last major overseas tour was last year, to Australia and New Zealand.

THE APOLOGIA OF A PATRIOT.

"WAR MEMOIRS: UNITY, 1942-1944." By GENERAL DE GAULLE.*

An Appreciation by SIR CHARLES PETRIE.

"DO you know," Mr. Eden, as he then was, once asked the author of this book, "that you have caused us more difficulties than all our other European allies put together?" "I don't doubt it," replied General de Gaulle with a smile, "France is a Great Power." In this interchange lies the key to the value of this particular volume, which is the light which it throws, not so much upon the events with which it deals, as upon the narrator of them, who is to-day the undisputed master of France. For the rest, it is a record of "old unhappy far-off things, and battles long ago," but what General de Gaulle was then basically he is now. "Has he mellowed at all?" a prominent English statesman who has frequent dealings with the General was asked the other day, but the only reply vouchsafed was, "He has matured."

In these pages we see the General very much on the defensive, particularly where Great Britain and the United States were concerned. His disagreements with Mr. Churchill at that time are notorious—they were well defined in the Churchillian phrase "the heaviest cross I had to bear was the Cross of Lorraine," and they were due to a clash of personalities as much as to a clash of policies. General de Gaulle represents the acrid type of Frenchman with whom the average Englishman does not find it easy to deal; in an earlier age there was the case of Curzon and Poincaré, which contrasted sharply with the excellent relations existing between Austen Chamberlain and the genial Briand. Both the British Prime Minister and the General were at their worst in all that concerned the other. When the Frenchman made a sarcastic reference to the Premier's conscience, Mr. Churchill growled, "My conscience is a good girl. I can always come to terms with her." It was not the happiest phrase with which to refute French suspicions of *perfidie Albion*.

On the other hand, General de Gaulle has always found it extremely difficult to understand any other point of view than his own. It is all very well to complain that London and Washington would not treat him as an equal in the earlier part of the period covered by this book, but the fact remains that he was not their equal. Quite apart from Marshal Pétain and the Vichy régime there were other candidates, notably General Giraud, with considerable claim to be recognised as the leaders of France. It would have been a fatal mistake for the Allies to have backed the wrong horse, and it was not until the French people indicated that General de Gaulle was the man of their choice that Mr. Churchill and President Roosevelt were justified in treating him as their equal, which they then proceeded to do. Furthermore, if they did not communicate their military plans to the Fighting French in advance they had ample justification on security grounds, for in the chaotic conditions then prevalent there was no telling what confidential information might not be passed on to Vichy and then to the Germans: there were traitors under the Cross of Lorraine as well as under any other flag, and they were not always easily detected.

Not the least attractive feature of General de Gaulle's narrative is his analysis of character, which is in the great French literary tradition:

Franklin Roosevelt was governed by the loftiest ambitions. His intelligence, his knowledge and his

audacity gave him the ability, the powerful state, whose leader he was, afforded him the means and the war offered him the occasion to realise them. . . . From the moment America entered the war, Roosevelt meant the peace to be an American peace; convinced that he must be the one to dictate its structure, that the states which had been overrun should be subject to his judgment and that France in particular should recognise him as her saviour and arbiter. . . . It must be added that like any star performer he was touchy as to the rôles that fell to other actors.

Two other of General de Gaulle's wartime associates won his respect, though he by no means always agreed with them, namely Mr. Harold Macmillan, to whose "independent spirit and lucid intelligence" he pays a warm tribute, and General Eisenhower, of whom he writes, "He was a soldier. To him, by nature and by profession, action seemed natural, immediate, and simple." Of General Spears, on the contrary, he entertained

he can claim to have looked further ahead in this respect than Mr. Churchill, for he never lost sight of the peace settlement, whereas the British Prime Minister tended to consider the winning of the war as an end in itself. The choice of Tito rather than Mihailovich as the object of Allied support by no means met with the General's approval.

THE AUTHOR OF THE BOOK REVIEWED ON THIS PAGE: GENERAL DE GAULLE. The President of France was born in 1890. Wounded several times in the First World War, and finally captured, he attempted five escapes. In 1940 he was Under-Secretary of State for War and National Defence; afterwards he became leader of fighting France. In 1944-45 he was head of the French Provisional Government. The first volume of his War Memoirs, "The Call to Honour," was published in England in 1955.

The author's further criticism of Mr. Churchill as unduly susceptible to American pressure rests on less secure foundations, but there is something in it; what, however, General de Gaulle is inclined to forget is that Great Britain had sustained the whole burden of the war by herself for twelve months, and that at the end of that time a stalemate was the best for which she could hope; when, therefore, the resources of the United States became available perhaps she might be pardoned if she did not look too closely at the terms on which the transaction was effected. In any event the French approach in such matters is always likely to be more legalistic than the British.

What does run through the book from the first page to the last is the sincerity and integrity of the author, and it is a remarkable tribute to him that these have never been seriously questioned. General de Gaulle, like every other man, may on occasion have been wrong, and he has often proved exasperating, especially to foreigners, but his devotion to France has never been called in question. In this he differs from Napoleon, who passed successively through the stages of fighting for France, for France and Napoleon, and for Napoleon and France, until in the end he was fighting for Napoleon alone.

No one could bring a similar charge against General de Gaulle. He has given this volume of his Memoirs the title of "Unity," and he shows how this ideal had to all intents and purposes been achieved by the time that Paris had been liberated from the Germans; then, unhappily, the *frondeur*, who is so many Frenchmen, made his reappearance, the centrifugal forces got control, and last year the work had to be undertaken all over again—this time, one hopes, with more permanent results.

More than one of the General's present associates were with him during these last years of the war, and such names as Debré, Soustelle, and Couve de Murville, as well as Massu and Chauvel, occur in the present volume. Then, as now, not a few of those who called themselves Gaullists were inclined to pursue an independent policy by no means always to the liking of the man in whose name they were acting; sooner or later they were either eliminated or brought to heel, and it will be interesting to see if history is going to repeat itself.

* "Unity, 1942-1944." The second volume of War Memoirs by General de Gaulle. Translated by Richard Howard. (Weidenfeld and Nicolson; 30s.)

HOW SCIENTISTS UNDERSTAND THE UNIVERSE.

OUR readers will remember the series of astronomical articles "The Universe at the Beginning of the Space Age" by Dr. R. A. Lyttleton which appeared in consecutive issues of *The Illustrated London News* from February to May of this year. We know that this series proved of great interest to you and we have, therefore, pleasure in introducing a new series specially written for *The Illustrated London News* by Professor Hermann Bondi, F.R.S., the celebrated astronomer and Professor of Mathematics at King's College, London. This new series of twelve articles, entitled "How Scientists Understand the Universe," explains more fully the exciting and mysterious Universe as described by Dr. Lyttleton and reveals some of the means employed by scientists to explore and explain its mysteries in the light of human knowledge. The articles, to appear in consecutive issues, will be accompanied by photographs and by illustrations by our Special Artist, G. H. Davis.

THE FIRST ARTICLE APPEARS ON PAGE 544 IN THIS ISSUE.

1. The Expanding Universe.
2. Why is it dark at Night?
3. Theories of Cosmology.
4. Tests in Cosmology.
5. The Stars.
6. What Goes on Inside the Stars.



7. Between the Stars.
8. The Radiation Belts.
9. The Law of Gravitation.
10. The Motion of Celestial Bodies.
11. The Tides.
12. The Earth's Motion and Magnetism.

Demand for these issues will be heavy—if you are not a regular reader you should place a standing order with your newsagent to avoid disappointment or, alternatively, write to The Publisher, Dept. A, Ingram House, Strand, London, W.C.2, enclosing a cheque or postal order for 34s. Inland (Overseas 35s.) to cover the twelve issues by post.

the gravest suspicions, which he makes no attempt to conceal.

Of the murder of Admiral Darlan, the General writes;

The man who had killed him, Fernand Bonnier de la Chapelle, saw himself the instrument of the aggravated passions that had heated public opinion to the boiling point, but behind such emotions, perhaps, there moved a policy liquidating a "temporary expedient" after having made use of him. This young man, almost a child, was overwhelmed by the idea of so many unpleasant events, and thought his action would be a service to his tortured country. He hoped to remove from the road to French reconciliation an obstacle shameful in his eyes. . . . How could we fail to recognise and understand what inspired this young man's rage?

One charge General de Gaulle does bring against those with whom he was associated at that time, and it is that they underrated the danger from the Communists when hostilities terminated; in this connection he gives a most illuminating account of a conversation which he had with the late Pope on the subject—a conversation which we may be sure he has not forgotten to-day. He was himself determined to save France from Communist domination and he succeeded; indeed,

HOW SCIENTISTS UNDERSTAND THE UNIVERSE.

I. THE EXPANSION OF THE UNIVERSE.

By H. BONDI, F.R.S., Professor of Mathematics, King's College, London.

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IN a previous series of articles in *The Illustrated London News* (February 21-May 9) Dr. Lyttleton has described the Astronomer's universe, starting at the Earth and working outwards. In this second series of articles we are going to start at the most distant objects observed and work our way inwards. There is something to be said for this method of procedure. It is true that we start with what is most unfamiliar, the objects about which least is known. But then, we always have a hankering suspicion that it is when we go to the very, very large, or to the very, very small, that we shall find simplicity. This is not unreasonable. For we know that we, ourselves, are amongst the most complex things that nature produces, and the enormous complexity of the higher living animals seems to correspond to a size far larger than the atomic scale and far smaller than the astronomer's scale. Perhaps this enormous complexity, of which we are just an example, is associated with size, and that both in the very, very small and in the enormously large, nature is rather simpler than at our own medium scale?

Of course, one can also take a different attitude. One can say that it is the natural progress of science to start with very little knowledge, to form theories based on this knowledge, then to make further observations that complicate the picture, and so on, until eventually a very complex situation is reached. When we consider the very, very large, then so little is known that we have got only rather few items of information to put into our theories. This does not mean that they are bad theories. We try to make our present theories the best ones that one can have at the present state of knowledge. It is never any good in science to cry for the fullest information. We have never got it. One always has to do with what we have and make the best of the job in hand at the moment.

This may be a good moment to discuss the methods of science. To the outsider, science often seems to be a frightful jumble of facts with very little that looks human and inspiring about it. To the working scientist, it is so full of interest and so fascinating that he can only pity the layman. The imaginative character of science is more apparent in some branches than in others. But there are many features that are common to the whole range of scientific work, and these are the methods of science. Where an activity is going on at the speed and with the pressure with which scientific work is pursued, it is often difficult to pause and analyse just what one is actually doing. Fortunately, this has been done for us by the philosophers of science, and by none with more insight and understanding and accuracy than by Karl Popper, whose book on the subject, published over twenty years ago, has recently appeared in an English translation. His analysis is so profound and rings so true that it may be worth describing it here in brief. The essential point that Popper makes with such force is that the real basis of science is the possibility of empirical disproof. It is not proof that is of importance in science; on the contrary, he claims, proof can never be given. We can, however, say that certain statements are definitely incorrect. We can *disprove* them. In his picture, the scientist formulates a theory, inspired, of course, by the existing knowledge. He then uses this theory to make forecasts of what new experiments should reveal; of what the results of fresh observations ought to be, according to his theory. If, then, these experiments are carried out and disagree with the prognostications of the theory, then we know that the theory is wrong. If, on the other hand, the experiments agree with the theory, then it is the task of the theory to forecast more and more new experiments

so that it can be tested and tested again and so on. None of these tests can prove a theory, but any one of them is capable of disproving it. For even if, up to a certain point, all the experiments agree with the forecast of the theory, yet new ones may come along in the future that may show it to have been wrong after all. This, indeed, seems to be the fate of many scientific theories, however successful they may have been for a long time. The most famous example is Newton's Law of Gravitation, on the basis of which the astronomers predicted the positions of the planets and the Moon and the eclipses and all the many phenomena of the Solar System successfully for well over 200 years. Then a new theory of gravitation came along, Einstein's theory. It turned out that the predictions of Einstein's theory were almost identical with those of Newton's theory, and so all the many tests that have been in accord with the forecasts of Newton's theory were in agree-

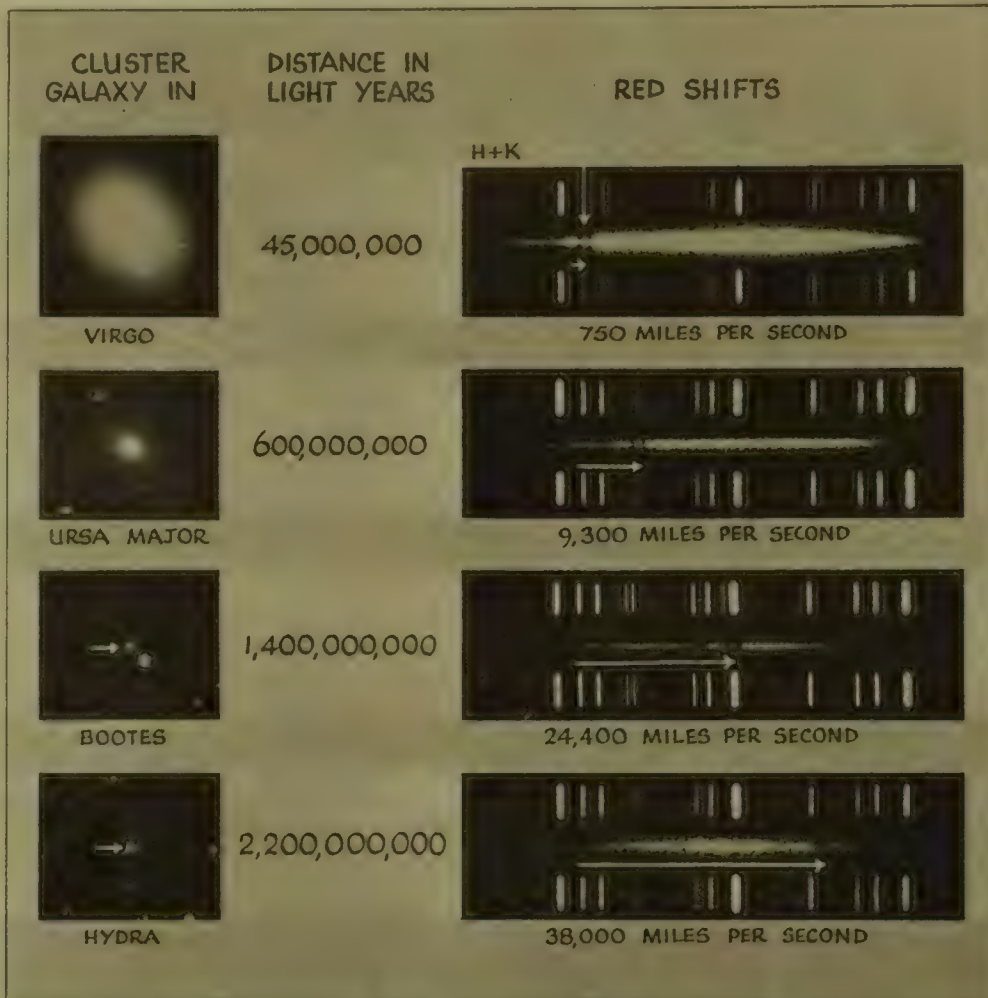
a theory can make, the more they are accessible to observational disproof, the more testable the theory is, the better it is. However much the picture drawn by a theory may appeal to us, the purpose of the theory is to suggest observations by means of which it might be disproved. It is with this in view that we must consider the evidence we have on the universe.

As Dr. Lyttleton pointed out in his articles, the most striking feature of the universe is probably its expansion. What exactly is the evidence for this and how strong is it? On this page we have a picture that displays some of the evidence in striking form. A series of pictures of galaxies is shown in the left-hand column. They are all taken with the same telescope, using the same magnification. On the right-hand side we see the spectra of these galaxies. Now, first, what is a spectrum? It is well known that white light is a combination of all the colours and that it can be broken up into these colours by suitable aids; a rainbow is a familiar instance. A handier means is the use of a prism of glass or other suitable material and by its aid the whole band of colours of sunlight is spread out. If one uses a prism that spreads out the sunlight very clearly, then one notices that the colours do not form a smooth band and that in numerous places dark lines run

across the spectrum. The origin of these lines is rather complicated. In the main they are due to the light from the sun shining through cooler gases of the sun's atmosphere, and these gases happen to be opaque to very particular colours, to thin lines, and so leave a part of the spectrum dark. The astronomer can use spectroscopes of great power to analyse the light of individual stars and also of individual galaxies. Naturally, particularly for the very distant galaxies, rather little light is available, and because of that, and for more technical reasons, the spectrum of a galaxy will not be nearly as clear as, say, the spectrum of the sun. Nevertheless, a few of the very prominent dark lines do show up, even in the spectra of these distant galaxies. The remarkable phenomenon that was discovered nearly forty years ago is that these lines are not where they ought to be, not where they are in the case of the Sun, say, but they are displaced; they are shifted. The shift is always towards the red and is indicated in the photographs of the spectra on this page. You will notice that the fainter and smaller the galaxy looks, the greater the shift of the spectrum towards the red. This is a full description of the direct observational result. A red shift of the spectrum is observed and is correlated with the apparent brightness of the galaxy, so that the fainter the galaxy, the greater the red shift. From here on we start on a series of interpretations.

First, what can be the explanation of such a red shift? In what other circumstances are red shifts observed? The answer

is that, but for one rather insignificant cause, the red shift always indicates a velocity of recession. Unfamiliar as the phenomenon is in the case of light, it is commonly noticed in the case of sound. If a whistling railway train speeds past you, then you notice that, to your ears, the pitch of the whistle drops markedly as the train passes you. The reason for this is not difficult to understand. The whistle produces sound; sound is a vibration of the air in which pressure maxima and pressure minima succeed each other periodically; these travel towards your ears where they are turned into nerve impulses that enter your consciousness. While the train is approaching, each successive pressure maximum has a smaller distance to travel to reach you. Therefore, the time interval between the reception of the pressure maxima will be less than the time interval between their emission. We say that the pitch of the note is raised. Conversely, when the train is receding from you, each successive pressure maximum has further to travel and, therefore, the pressure maxima will reach your ear at greater intervals of time than they were emitted at. Accordingly, the pitch is lower. How great [Continued opposite.



THE GALAXIES AND THEIR SPECTRA. THE EXPANSION OF THE UNIVERSE IS INFERRED FROM THESE AND SIMILAR OBSERVATIONS.

The left-hand column of pictures shows photographs of galaxies at various distances with the same magnification. In each case the galaxy in question appears as a diffuse object with its centre in the middle of the picture, but the two most distant ones are marked by arrows for purposes of identification. The other diffuse objects in the photographs are other galaxies, the sharp ones being stars near to us. On the right are photographs of the diffuse-looking spectra of the galaxies stretching in each case from blue on the left to red on the right. The bright lines above and below each spectrum are produced in the laboratory and serve only as markers. The pair of dark lines in the spectrum of each galaxy above the tip of the arrow would be above the foot of the arrow if the source were at rest. (Mt. Wilson and Palomar Observatories photograph.)

ment with the forecasts of Einstein's theory. However, in one or two small details there turned out to be a slight difference between the theories. These observations are in favour of Einstein's and against Newton's theory. Hence, in spite of the enormous number of cases where Newton's theory has been correct, it is no longer regarded as true in any sense; but we know from its close agreement with Einstein's theory that, except for a few very small details, Newton's theory will give the same answers as Einstein's. As Newton's theory is much simpler mathematically, we go on using it as a useful tool of astronomical work, not as something we believe to be true in any sense of the word.

In cosmology, as the science of the universe at large is called, one must be particularly careful to adhere to the rules of scientific work. For so little is known, and the subject appeals to us so much and excites our imaginations to such an extent that, unless we are very careful, we might allow it to run away with us. The procedure that we must follow is the same as in all science: we must formulate theories with a view to their forecasts being tested by observation. The more forecasts



A VIEW OF THE FAMOUS MOUNT PALOMAR OBSERVATORY, CALIFORNIA, SHOWING THE DOMES OF THE HUGE 200-IN. TELESCOPE (RIGHT), OF THE 48-IN. TELESCOPE (CENTRE) AND OF THE 18-IN. TELESCOPE. (Photograph by Mt. Palomar observatory.)



LOOKING DOWN THE 200-IN. HALE TELESCOPE AT MOUNT PALOMAR, FROM OUTSIDE THE DOME. THE OBSERVER IS IN THE CAGE AT THE FOCUS OF THE GREAT CIRCULAR MIRROR LOWER DOWN. (Photograph by Mt. Palomar observatory.)

THE HOME OF THE WORLD'S LARGEST TELESCOPE: MT. PALOMAR OBSERVATORY.

Continued. the raising or the lowering of the pitch is, depends on the ratio of the velocity of the train to the velocity of sound, which is about 1100 ft. per second. Very much the same thing happens with light, but here an increase in the pitch becomes noticed as a shift towards the violet; a decrease in the pitch becomes noticed as a shift towards the red. Also, the crucial velocity is now not that of sound, but the very much higher velocity of light at 186,000 miles per second. A red shift, therefore, indicates a velocity of recession of the source; a velocity standing to the velocity of light in the ratio given by the magnitude of the red shift—that is, by the change in wave length divided by the wave length. The velocities so derived from the observed red shifts are shown on the right-hand side of the diagram. Such a velocity of recession is, then, the only cause of the red shift that we can infer from our terrestrial knowledge of physics. What about the other characteristic of the picture, this time the characteristic of the photographs on the left, the increasing faintness and diminishing size? We all know that an object of a given brightness will look fainter the further away it is. There is very little else in astronomy to guide us about the distances of these galaxies which we see so very far away. Accordingly, if we interpret the faintness of the galaxies as indicators of their distances, and the red shift of the spectra as velocities of recession, then we find that the velocity of recession is proportional to the distance of the object. We have inferred a "velocity-distance law" from the red shift-brightness relation. For a long time physicists and astronomers felt rather uneasy about these enormous velocities of recession that seemed to follow from their observations. They argued that all our interpretation was based on our local knowledge of physics, and that unknown effects might well occur in the depth of the universe that somehow falsify the picture that we receive. Nowadays, we have little patience with this type

of argument. For the expansion of the universe is not merely given by the observation of the spectrum. We have also noted, as Dr. Lyttleton has said, the remarkable uniformity of the universe, how it looks the same in all directions around us if only we look sufficiently far. If, then, we suppose that the universe is, indeed, uniform on a very large scale, we can ask the mathematical question: How can it move and yet maintain its uniformity? The answer is that it can only move in such a way that the velocity of every object is in the line of sight and proportional to its distance. This is the only type of motion that will maintain uniformity. Therefore, we are again driven to the conclusion that an expansion with a velocity of recession proportional to distance is a natural consequence of the assumption of uniformity which is also based on observation. Furthermore, if we try to form a theory of the universe, whichever way we do it, we always come up with the answer that it is almost bound to be in motion, with objects showing velocities proportional to their distances. I must again stress the uniformity of the system. We are not in a privileged position on the basis of these assumptions, but in a typical one. The universe would present the same appearance to observers on any other galaxy. They would see the same effects; the same red shift-brightness relation. Though no one can be certain of anything in this field, we do see that there are different lines of argument all converging to the conclusion that the red shifts should indeed be taken as indicating velocities of recession proportional to the distance of the objects. If we divide the distance of any galaxy by its velocity of recession, we get the same number whatever galaxy we choose. That follows from the proportionality of velocity and distance. This number is a time, a time that, according to the most recent work, is about 10,000 million years. In some way or other this is the characteristic time of the universe.



THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



A MARMOSET'S VOCABULARY.

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

SOME months ago we undertook to look after a marmoset. A few days later I became aware of shrill, high-pitched sounds that wormed their way into my consciousness as I sat in my study trying to concentrate. At first I was only vaguely aware of these sounds, in that I did not stop what I was doing to investigate but wondered in a dim and diffuse sort of way whether there might be bats in the room. In a very short time, however, I was compelled, by the very insistence of the sounds, and their penetrating nature, to get up and investigate. The calls were being made by the marmoset. And this is the important point to note: the marmoset was in my daughter's studio, at the other end of a 45-ft. corridor from my study, the door of which was shut, although the door of the studio was open. Moreover, the walls in this house are virtually soundproof, being of brick with a plaster lining and a cavity between.

There must be many people who read this who are familiar with marmosets and will realise that until *Marmie* came to stay with us my knowledge of his race was limited. He is a black-eared, or black-plumed, marmoset and measures only 7 to 8 ins.

from the crown of the head to the root of the tail when lying stretched out in the sun, the tail being nearly the same length. By any standards, therefore, he is small, and everything about him is small, including his vocal organs. With this in mind, there is some significance in the results of tests made to compare the carrying power of the marmoset's shrill call with that of the human voice.

The first test to be described was to test the distance over which the call was audible. The studio in which *Marmie* is lodged looks out on to the garden. With the door and windows of the studio shut, his call could be heard down the garden for a distance of at least a hundred yards. The loudest human voice used in the studio under the same conditions would be quite inaudible at that distance. Indeed, anyone coming out of the studio and standing just outside the door will have difficulty, as tests have shown, in attracting the attention of a person at that same spot a hundred yards away by shouting, and it is quite impossible to carry on a conversation at that distance no matter how much one shouts. There is a good deal of tree and shrub between the two points, enough to make communication by shouting with the human voice impossible, yet the thin shrill call of the marmoset can penetrate it.

A recent writer on human evolution points out that life in the trees makes special demands on an animal: vision is more important than smell, precision of movement and of grasp is important and "so is the need to communicate by voice among the trees." These things, he suggests, led to the appearance of monkey-like animals, and adds: "So it may well be that the foundations of human intelligence were laid by groups of chattering monkeys who were our ancestors 30,000,000 years ago."

If voice is important to animals living in trees so must hearing be. In this connection, another test I carried out is significant. I went outside the same studio door, with biscuit in my hand, and waited until our dog *Jason* was at the same point down the garden from which we could hear *Marmie's* shrill call. The dog was trotting along the path at right-angles to the line between him and me. I whistled between my teeth, somewhat in imitation of the marmoset's call. In every way I am

a poor whistler, and this particular whistle I made might be audible to anyone of normal hearing in the same room but it is heard by the human ear over a very short distance in the open air. Indeed, my daughter, who can hear the ultrasonics of bats, and who was near *Jason* at that moment, told me subsequently that she could hear nothing and wondered what it was all about. The dog, by contrast, stopped dead as I whistled,

and turned his head immediately in my direction. I held out my hand, in a gesture of giving the biscuit, but he merely stood watching. I then said "Come on," in no more than a conversational voice, and he started to trot towards me, for a few yards only, before stopping dead once again to watch me. By saying again "Come on" and gesturing at the same time, I managed to bring



FOR SPECIAL SITUATIONS AND CERTAIN OBJECTS THE BLACK-PLUMED MARMOSET EMPLOYS A VARIETY OF CALLS. THESE INCLUDE SHRILL CRIES OF GREAT CARRYING POWER, WHICH HAVE PROMPTED DR. BURTON'S INVESTIGATIONS.

him to me at the gallop.

If, therefore, man's ancestors lived in trees, and if they used the voice largely for communication they must either have had far superior powers of hearing to those we possess to-day, or they used the voice in a different way. In support of the first part of this statement, let me give the results of some other tests designed to compare the shrill cries of the marmoset with the human voice. I asked someone to station himself in



A SMALL ANIMAL FROM THE EQUATORIAL FORESTS OF SOUTH AMERICA WHICH HAS AN ULTRASONIC VOICE RANGE: THE BLACK-PLUMED MARMOSET, INDULGING IN A FAVOURITE PASTIME—SUNBATHING. IN SUCH A POSTURE IT FREQUENTLY TWITTERS WITH PLEASURE. (Photographs by Jane Burton.)

my study while I went into my daughter's studio, all other circumstances being the same as when I first heard *Marmie's* calls. I used the kind of voice I have used in addressing a crowd of people in the open air (at non-political meetings, by the way). My companion reported that he could hear my voice "as a distant muffled sound." We repeated the test with his speaking to me at the top of his voice, and I was able to confirm that his description was accurate.

I would suggest, then, that for communication in the trees two kinds of vocal sounds are needed, those for distance and those for use near to, and the first of these to be efficient must be up near the ultrasonic range, like the shrill calls of the marmoset. The second will bear more resemblance to articulate human speech, and marmosets use such sounds. We have noted a great variety of sounds used by *Marmie*. There is a particular twittering which is a sign of pleasure, as when he is basking in the sun or is offered his favourite food. There is also a particular sound of displeasure, and an entirely different one if one of the dogs comes into the room, which we suppose to be a call of recognition. But it goes further than this. Ivan Sanderson, in "The Monkey Kingdom," puts the whole case extremely well: "[Marmosets] make an astonishing number of different kinds of noises, from high-pitched keening

sounds that carry extraordinary distances, have ventriloquial properties, and seem to penetrate a listener's head, to all manner of twitterings, chirrupings, squeakings, mumblings, chatterings and other sound combinations. . . . Some investigation of this 'conversation' has been undertaken by means of sensitive modern recording equipment. . . . Not only are the various sounds obviously employed under special circumstances or for special purposes, but they seem definitely to be used for the communication of information." He gives examples among others of calls denoting the difference between water and milk, between a black animal and coloured, and one response, that he observed personally, called forth "by any light-coloured cake of soap or other globular object of some particular size and form, such as a smooth pebble."

A French naturalist, a century ago, catalogued a similar range of sounds with calls expressive of "come," "help," "I want this," and others indicating great fear, intense pain, happiness, annoyance, despair, and so on. Sanderson also points out recordings have been made of other sounds that "range above the normal sensitivity of our hearing into what is called the super-sonic [i.e., ultrasonic]."

It looks, therefore, as though some form of articulate speech is possessed by some of the higher animals; and already we are coming to realise that ultrasonics are more widely used by animals than was dreamed of even twenty years ago. It may be that this world of ultrasonics is lost on us because we have developed the use of articulate sounds at the expense of the use of ultrasonics. Or our ancestors may never have used ultrasonics. If so, it may well be that the expression of human intelligence owes much to the chattering of monkeys long ago. It need not follow that they necessarily lived in trees.

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CANDIDATES FOR FUTURE TRAFFIC CONGESTION ON THE "ROLLING ENGLISH-ROAD": A SCENE SHOWING THE VAST THRONG ON THE OPENING DAY OF THE EARLS COURT MOTOR SHOW



CALLING UP MEMORIES OF THE MAN WITH A RED FLAG WALKING IN FRONT OF EACH CAR DURING HIS OPENING SPEECH: THE PRIME MINISTER, MR. HAROLD MACMILLAN, ON OCTOBER 21.

GAZING WITH INTEREST AT THE ENGINE AND BODYWORK OF THE NEW MORRIS MINI-MINOR THE PRIME MINISTER ON HIS TOUR OF THE NEW MODELS AT EARLS COURT.

THE SHOP-WINDOW OF A VITAL AND BUOYANT INDUSTRY: SCENES AT THE 1959 MOTOR SHOW, EARLS COURT.

The 1959 Motor Show at Earls Court has proved to be one of the most interesting ever, and it was fitting that on the opening day, October 21, the Prime Minister should refer to the motor industry as the most vital and the most buoyant in our national economy. Recalling earlier days, Mr. Macmillan said he could well remember the time when a motor-car was preceded by a man walking with a red flag. Yet in the short time since then the industry had come to the stage when it now employed three-quarters of a million people and was responsible for at least one-eighth of our foreign exchange earnings from visible

exports. In the first nine months of this year 825,000 passenger cars were exported a record. The Prime Minister pointed out that only eight years ago there was one car for every seven families in this country: now there was one car for every three, and this would probably be further improved. Road-building was progressing fast, and even the Great North Road, he said, was no longer a bad joke. Mr. Macmillan's tour of stands included the Russian one a centre of great curiosity where he was received by the Soviet Ambassador, Mr. Malik. Russian models were being shown for the first time.



"THE MOST IMPRESSIVE MONUMENT TO ROMAN PURPOSEFULNESS . . . STILL TO BE SEEN": HADRIAN'S WALL, AS IT WAS IN THE FIRST PHASE OF ITS DEVELOPMENT—NEAR CHESTERS.

The organisation of the Roman frontier in Britain was the work of the Emperor Hadrian (117-238), and it was based on a defence in depth comprising a system of garrisons stretching back to the great legionary fortresses at York and Chester. Hadrian's Wall was but the upper crust of the scheme. This Wall (writes Mr. Sheppard S. Frere), running from Wallsend, near Newcastle, to Bowness-on-Solway, beyond Carlisle, was begun in A.D. 122, and it served as the frontier of the Roman province for most of the next 250 years. During that time it naturally underwent various modifications, many of them introduced while the frontier was still under construction. In this reconstructed view, drawn by Mr. Sorrell, we see the works in their first phase. The milecastle is the one

just east of Chesters, and in the middle distance lies the valley of the North Tyne. To the north is the great ditch crossed by a causeway at the gate of a milecastle. These milecastles were carefully spaced at intervals of a Roman mile, and between them lay two turrets also at fixed intervals of 540 yards. The milecastles housed small static garrisons of twenty-five or fifty men whose function was that of patrolling and signalling. The fighting garrisons, organised in large units of auxiliary cavalry and infantry, lay in forts more widely spaced, about 4 to 5 miles apart, and are not here in view. The Wall thus formed a patrolled barrier to infiltration, and behind it, in event of attack, the fighting troops could mass unseen to sally out through the milecastle

gates at a given signal. The rear or "soft underbelly" of the military zone was demarcated, and protected from infiltration by trespassers or unfriendly subject natives, by the broad ditch known as the Vallum with its two side mounds. This in some places runs close behind the Wall as here, but in other and more difficult country it takes an easier course further back. The Vallum thus marks the limits beyond which civilians could not come: and indeed it was very difficult to cross although not specifically military in character. The Vallum was crossed by causeways at both forts and milecastles, and at these alone; but whereas at milecastles access was only to the south berm along which ran a metalled track, only at forts did roads cross the entire system, and

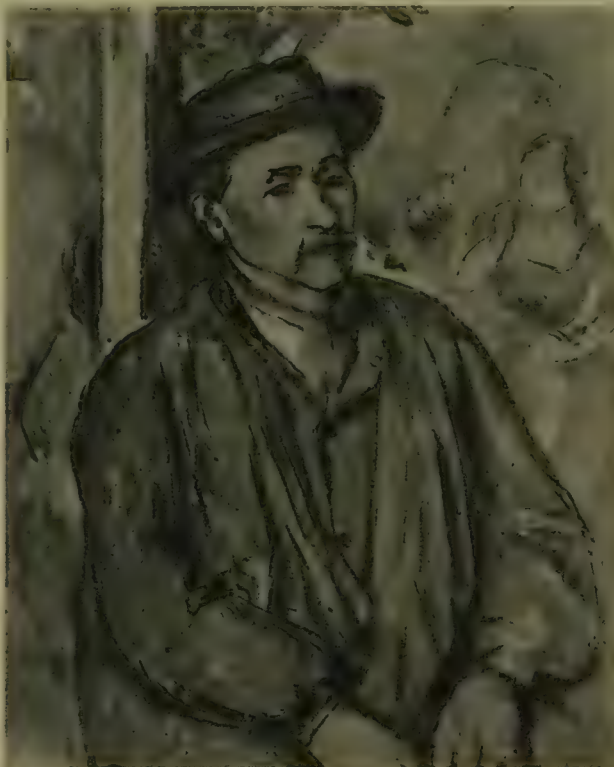
thus traffic could be supervised under close military control. In the earliest phase of the frontier the Vallum track appears to have afforded the only access by which supplies could reach the milecastles and this, together with the policing of the rear, was its function: later on it was replaced by a road known as the Military Way which took a more direct and convenient course more closely in contact with the installations along the Wall. The completed scheme of the Hadrianic frontier of Britain is the most impressive monument to Roman purposefulness and military power still to be seen anywhere in the Empire, and much of it is in the ownership of the National Trust or in the guardianship of the Ministry of Works and is thus preserved as a national heritage.

Specially drawn for "The Illustrated London News" by Alan Sorrell.

FOR AUCTION AT SOTHEBY'S: 19TH AND 20TH CENTURY MASTERPIECES.



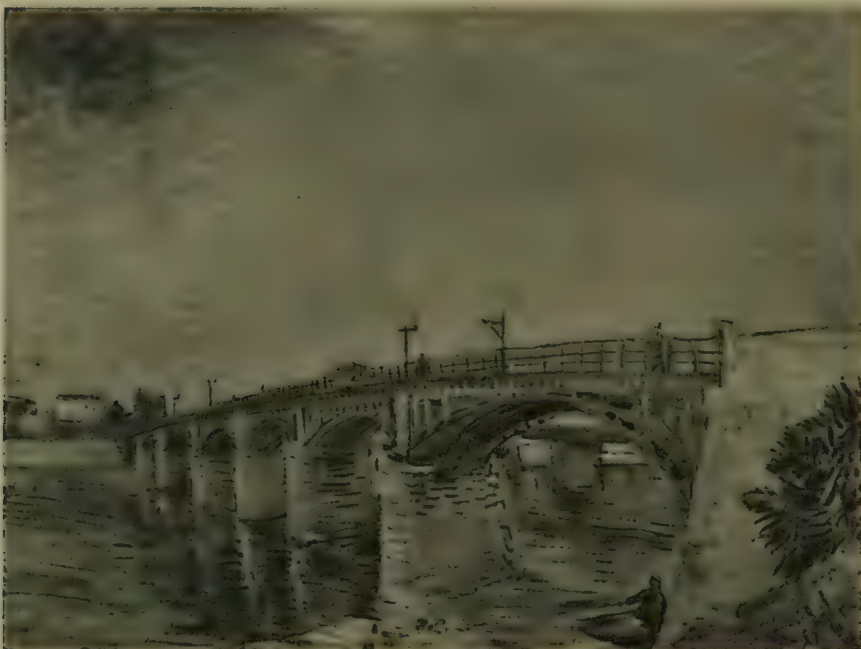
"FAMILLE D'ARLEQUIN," BY PABLO PICASSO (BORN 1881): EXECUTED IN 1905, A TOUCHING CIRCUS STUDY, TO BE SOLD ON NOVEMBER 25. (Gouache: 11½ by 8½ ins.)



"PAYSAN EN BLOUSE BLEUE," BY PAUL CEZANNE (1839-1906): PAINTED c. 1897, IT IS THE OUTSTANDING PICTURE IN THE SALE. (Oil on canvas: 31½ by 25 ins.)



"DANSEUSE, VUE DE FACE," BY EDGAR DEGAS (1834-1917): A POWERFUL STUDY ON A CHARACTERISTIC THEME. (Pastel on grey paper: 18 by 11½ ins.)



"LE PONT SUR LA SEINE A ASNIERES," BY VINCENT VAN GOGH (1853-1890): PAINTED IN 1887, THE YEAR BEFORE HE WENT TO ARLES. (Oil on canvas: 20½ by 28½ ins.)



"L'EGLISE DE POURVILLE, TEMPS DE NEIGE," BY CLAUDE MONET (1840-1926): A LARGE LANDSCAPE, SIGNED AND DATED '93. (Oil on canvas: 25½ by 36½ ins.)



"TE TIAI NA VE I TE RATA (I AWAIT THE LETTER)," BY PAUL GAUGUIN (1848-1903): SIGNED, INSCRIBED AND DATED '99. (Oil on canvas: 29 by 37½ ins.)



"LA MORT D'ORPHELIA," BY EUGENE DELACROIX (1798-1863): A STUDY FOR THIS PAINTING IS IN THE LOUVRE. (Oil on canvas: 20½ by 25½ ins.)

Another of Sotheby's highly important sales of Impressionist and Modern painters is due to be held on November 25, just over a year after their record sale at which Cézanne's "Garçon au Gilet Rouge" fetched the then unrivalled sum of £220,000, and when the total for the whole sale reached the staggering sum of £781,000. In this forthcoming sale there are about 175 pictures, the majority of them French Impressionist and Modern. As in last year's sale the outstanding painting is a canvas by Cézanne, "Paysan en Blouse

Bleue," which a number of experts consider as fine as its record-breaking predecessor. The earliest picture in the sale is the highly romantic "La Mort d'Orphelia," by Delacroix, painted in 1859, one of a series of "Hamlet" pictures which the artist carried out in that year. In addition to those illustrated on this page, interesting works include a magnificent and fiery flowerpiece by Renoir, a Modigliani ("Femme nue allongée") and a scene of boats and water by Van Gogh painted with exceptional vigour and power.

FOR AUCTION AT CHRISTIE'S: THE FISON COLLECTION OF ENGLISH PAINTINGS.



(Left.)
 "A WOODED LANDSCAPE," BY JOHN CONSTABLE (1776-1837): ONE OF FIFTEEN MAGNIFICENT PAINTINGS BY CONSTABLE DUE TO BE AUCTIONED AT CHRISTIE'S ON NOVEMBER 6—PREVIOUSLY THE PROPERTY OF MR. H. L. FISON. (Oil on canvas: 11½ by 9½ ins.)



(Right.)
 "THE VALE OF DEDHAM SEEN FROM A WOODED HILL," BY CONSTABLE: ONE OF THE FINEST LANDSCAPES IN THE COLLECTION, AND A SUBJECT MUCH BELOVED BY THE ARTIST. (Oil on canvas: 19½ by 23½ ins.)



"A VIEW OF STONEHENGE," BY CONSTABLE. AN INTERESTING COMPARISON COULD BE MADE WITH A SIMILAR STUDY IN THE VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM. (Oil on canvas: 7½ by 12½ ins.)



"CAPE COLONNA," BY J. M. W. TURNER (1775-1851): SHOWING THE TEMPLE OF MINERVA AT SUNIUM—ONE OF SEVEN TURNERS IN THE COLLECTION. (Water-colour: 6½ by 8½ ins.)



"A VIEW NEAR BATH," BY THOMAS GAINSBOROUGH (1727-1788): ONE OF TWO PICTURES BY GAINSBOROUGH IN THE FISON COLLECTION. (Oil on canvas: 14½ by 20½ ins.)



"PEASANTS, HORSES AND A CART ON THE ROAD," BY GEORGE MORLAND (1763-1804). MR. H. L. FISON DIED IN JUNE, AGED NINETY. (Oil on canvas: 17½ by 23½ ins.)

A small but extremely important picture sale is being held at Christie's on November 6, when the collection of English paintings which were the property of the late Mr. H. L. Fison comes up for auction. There are only twenty-nine of them, but since this number contains no fewer than fifteen by Constable and seven by Turner, the quality of the collection can be gauged. Mr. Fison, who died in June of this year at the age of ninety, was a relative of Sir Frank Fison, the chairman of the firm of fertiliser manufacturers. One of the finest Constables in his collection, "A Summer Evening," he left in his will to the

woman who nursed his late wife, a victim of cancer, and later him. In consequence the proceeds of this sale are to be divided equally between the Imperial Cancer Research Fund and the Distressed Gentlefolk's Aid Association. Mr. Fison acquired his magnificent collection over a long period of years. Among other fine works not illustrated on this page are a portrait of King Francis I and his sister, by Bonington; a superb mountain landscape, "The Pass of Saint Bernard," by Turner; a Welsh landscape by Wilson; a second Gainsborough landscape and several other tree-studies by Constable.



ONE of the tasks of the Victoria and Albert Museum is to run a series of what have been affectionately described as high-falutin' circuses—that is, smallish exhibitions of works of art of all kinds which travel the country and bring light into dark places (naming no names) for all who care to visit them.

One of these shows is made up from about 120 water-colours, none of them earlier than 1900 and many painted only yesterday. Somebody thought that it would be a good thing for Darkest London to have the chance of enjoying what had already been shown to a dozen towns in the provinces—and here they are on view in the Department of Prints and Drawings. English, I said, and water-colour, which we rather assume is a medium which takes on a peculiar magic when practised by any one of us. To be sure, we have a long tradition, though, as will presently appear, I don't believe it is necessary to be born with a Union Jack for a cot quilt, to make a notable contribution to this exceptionally delicate method of putting either dreams or facts, or both, on paper.

The odd thing is that while some indubitably fine painters in oils have been marvellous water-colourists as well—I suppose Turner is the supreme example—some indifferent performers have been better as water-colourists than with the oil paint and canvas by which they made their reputation. A point in case is John Singer Sargent, nearly all of whose famous portraits seem to me meretricious, but whose water-colours from his later years, painted to please himself and not some rich client, are wonderfully sparkling and fresh. The exhibition begins with him and ends with to-day's



"THE DRAUGHTSMAN AND HIS MODEL," BY SIR WILLIAM ORPEN (1878-1931); FROM THE EXHIBITION OF 20TH-CENTURY BRITISH WATER-COLOURS AT THE VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM. (Pencil and water-colour: 17½ by 24½ ins.)

stalwarts; with nature's romantics like John Piper and Graham Sutherland—the former recently experimenting with abstractions, if that is the word—and with several exponents of a private language of symbols, involving in the main subtle nuances of colours and exquisitely balanced relationships of forms in space. These to me are no more than pretty patterns of little significance and no depth, but to many nowadays they are the Law and the Prophets.

As an example of what is now recognisable as an international style, a water-colour by the American working in Paris, Sam Francis, is included in this group; a wholly delightful, rippling design which seems to me intended by Providence to be printed on curtain material, not to be enclosed in a frame. What can, I suppose, be described as the academic tradition at its noblest is the well-known Orpen drawing—

"The Draughtsman and his Model"—the two figures sitting on the beach, the girl leaning forward with her hair over her face. Does this, by the way, owe anything to Manet's "Déjeuner sur l'Herbe"? Another who is splendidly represented is Wilson Steer—three landscapes glowing with light—but the pernickety will be justified in finding fault with one or two of the other selections. Ivon Hitchens, for example, is seen in what is presumably an early painting which gives small promise of later richness, and young Alan Reynolds (still in his thirties) is there



"EN CANOT—ETUDE POUR 'LES CANOTIERS,'" BY ANDRE DUNOYER DE SEGONZAC (BORN 1884). EXECUTED IN 1923, IT IS ONE OF THE WORKS BY THIS ARTIST CURRENTLY ON VIEW AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY. (Pen and wash: 15½ by 23½ ins.)

with a flower study—nice enough, it is true, but it provides no notion at all of the subtlety and grace he has since achieved with his landscapes.

The Museum makes the point that whereas we take the great period of British water-colour from 1770 till 1850 for granted, most of us have the impression that the medium is not much in favour to-day.

The exhibition proves the contrary; it shows also that not only painters but sculptors have used it with the greatest distinction from time to time, notably Henry Moore, Frank Dobson and the late Sir Jacob Epstein, whose flower-piece here is one of the most vital things in the exhibition. Nor in the central section of the show is it easy to overlook the work of Paul Nash and Frances Hodgkins, to

name only two who once seemed very decidedly *avant-garde* and whom now we take in our stride as belonging to a definite, slightly nostalgic period. Perhaps to many these 120 English paintings will be little more than a tale twice told.

Few of us will be able to say that of the exhibition of prints, drawings and water-colours by Dunoyer de Segonzac, now to be seen in profusion—nearly 300 of them—in the Diploma Gallery at Burlington House. De Segonzac is seventy-five, so that his working life is pretty well identical with that covered by the Victoria and Albert Museum show. I have seen very few of his oils and did not care much for them. But as a water-colourist he is out of this world, evoking mass and weight in a medium which so many have found too delicate for robust treatment, putting brush to paper as if they were scared of it.

A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS.

By FRANK DAVIS.

WATER-COLOURS IN ENGLISH AND FRENCH.

The early drawings and water-colours are rather constricted; you feel that the artist is not yet certain of himself. By about 1925 he is fully mature, and, from then onwards, he is working with majestic assurance, whether in the neighbourhood of his home not far from Versailles or at St. Tropez.

He has never belonged to any particular movement and has never embarked upon experiments in any kind of -ism; human beings and trees and water and the countryside have been his delight, so that it is perhaps no wonder that, of all the many books he has illustrated, the noble edition of Virgil's Georgics has perhaps won most admiration. It was conceived in 1927 and did not appear until 1947. His water-colours have a quality of mingled precision and depth which at first sight is puzzling, because it is difficult (at least for the layman) to guess at the method adopted. M. Vallery-Radot, in the catalogue introduction, tells us the secret, which I pass on to the thousands of amateurs who struggle happily with paint and brushes during their holidays. "De Segonzac returns to his picture several times. A charcoal line, subsequently dusted down, first establishes the layout in very broad terms. This is then emphasised and straightened with pen and indian ink when the whole composition is enlivened by contrasts of light and shadow. The colour only appears after the drawing and shadows have all been laid in. The first wash of water-colour is kept bright and fluid. When it is dry the second wash sacrifices brilliance for depth and strength."

The majority of the exhibits belong to the artist himself; a few have been lent from private collections, here and in France; one belongs to M. René Varin, who will not be forgotten by any who came into contact with him during his years as Cultural Attaché at the French Embassy;



"ALL SAINTS' CHAPEL, BATH," BY JOHN PIPER (BORN 1903); PAINTED IN 1942, IT IS ANOTHER OF THE PICTURES NOW ON VIEW AT THE VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM. (Water-colour and chalk: 16½ by 22 ins.)

another to Sir Anthony Eden, two to Lady Ivor Churchill. Two others, those presented to her by the President of the French Republic on the occasion of the Coronation, have been lent by H.M. the Queen. I have just realised what a big exhibition this is; a man's life work (apart from his oils) comfortably filling the considerable wall space of the Diploma Gallery, and yet—to me at any rate—bringing no sense of fatigue; indeed, as stimulating and as unexhausting as the exhibition devoted to Segonzac's very different and far more difficult contemporary, Braque, at the Tate Gallery two or three years ago.

I should add that this is a combined operation between the Arts Council and the Royal Academy, and remind you that Segonzac has been an Hon. R.A. since 1947. Judge for yourself from this exhilarating show which of the two—the Academy or the painter—is honoured most.



THE EDUCATION OF BRITISH YOUTH—XXXIX. BENENDEN SCHOOL.



A MOMENT OF RELAXATION IN THE BEAUTIFUL ROLLING PARKLANDS WHICH ARE A FEATURE OF THE SCHOOL ESTATE. THE GROUNDS—WHICH COVER 200 ACRES—CONTAIN MANY RARE PLANTS.



AMIDST PLEASANT RURAL SURROUNDINGS: A VIEW OF THE MAIN BUILDING OF THE SCHOOL, BUILT IN 1862 BY THE FIRST EARL OF CRANBROOK AND MODERNISED BY VISCOUNT ROTHERMERE.

Benenden School, Cranbrook, an independent boarding school for girls, is a young school, having been founded but thirty-five years ago by Miss Sheldon, Miss Bird and Miss Hindle, who before their retirement in 1954 had built up the School from only 24 pupils to its present 300. It was the third school to be founded in the tradition initiated by St. Leonards and Wycombe Abbey. The main building was built by the first Earl of Cranbrook in

1862, in the grounds of an older house, Hemsted Manor, just outside the village of Benenden, high up in the Weald of Kent, and was extensively modernised by Viscount Rothermere when he purchased the estate in 1912. Consequently, few structural alterations were necessary when the School came into possession in 1924. Benenden has no endowment, nor does it receive State support, and therefore an appeal was launched in [Continued overleaf.]



WITH TWO DIVERS ABOUT TO SHOW THEIR SKILL TO ADMIRING ONLOOKERS: A SCENE IN THE SCHOOL'S FINE OUTDOOR SWIMMING-POOL.



(Above.) AT LUNCH IN THE DINING HALL, THE GIRLS SIT IN HOUSES, BUT ALL TAKE THEIR MEALS IN THE MAIN BUILDING.

(Left.) WITH SOME IMPRESSIVE WORK ON DISPLAY IN THE BACK-GROUND: AN ART CLASS IN THE "GARRET" DRAWING FROM LIFE, WITH A FELLOW PUPIL AS MODEL.



(Right.) WITH THE SHUTTLECOCK HIGH OUT OF SIGHT: A FOURSOME PLAYING AN ENERGETIC GAME OF BADMINTON IN THE SCHOOL GYMNASIUM.



BEDTIME IN ONE OF THE DORMITORIES IN THE MAIN BUILDING: SISTER HOOPER SEEING THAT SOME OF THE YOUNGER GIRLS GET OFF TO BED ON TIME.



PART OF THE SCHOOL ORCHESTRA—WHICH PRODUCES PERFORMANCES OF HIGH QUALITY—AT PRACTICE IN THE SCHOOL HALL.

BENENDEN SCHOOL: SCENES AT ONE OF ENGLAND'S LEADING GIRLS' SCHOOLS.



(Above.) THE GRACEFUL ART OF FENCING: THE SCHOOL FENCING TEAM PRACTISING WITH FOILS IN THE GYMNASIUM.



(Left.) THE FINAL STAGES OF A COOKERY TEST: FORMIC PUTTING THE FINISHING TOUCHES TO SOME DELICACIES, WHILE MRS. SCRIPPS LOOKS ON.

(Right.) IN THE BEAUTIFULLY PANELLED SITTING-ROOM IN SCHOOL HOUSE: MISS E. B. CLARKE, THE HEADMISTRESS, READING TO A YOUNGER GROUP OF GIRLS.



UNDER THE EXPERT INSTRUCTION OF MISS A. CRIDLAND: GIRLS PRACTISING THEIR BACKHAND STROKES ON THE SCHOOL TENNIS COURTS.



A POPULAR VOLUNTARY PASTIME: GIRLS ENJOYING THEMSELVES ON ROLLER-SKATES—THOUGH SOME SEEM RATHER UNSTEADY.



THE FOUNDATIONS OF HAUTE COUTURE: A SCENE IN THE HANDWORK ROOM, WITH ONE GIRL PUTTING THE FINISHING TOUCHES TO A SMART CREATION.

Continued. September 1958 to make possible the erection of essential new buildings and also the establishment of an Endowment Fund. It is hoped that the immediate objective of £100,000 will be achieved by December 1959. Proposed developments include a science block, a new form-room block, dormitories, a new music-room and other improvements. The School's present number of 300 girls was reached before the Second World War, and

many of the facilities essential to a modern, well-equipped school had by then been added. Form-rooms, small laboratories, three outside houses, a hospice with thirty beds, tennis courts, a swimming-bath and a fine school hall were part of the development at this period of rapid expansion. Some of these buildings were constructed to meet an immediate need and plans were prepared to replace them as soon as possible with more up-to-date and

permanent ones. The outbreak of war meant the temporary abandonment of all these plans, and as the School was situated only about 15 miles from the south-east coast, it was evacuated to Cornwall soon after the commencement of hostilities, and there it remained for five years. During the war the buildings at Benenden were used as a military hospital. When the School returned in 1946 much careful planning was necessary to restore the buildings

and grounds to their former condition. Government restrictions made any large-scale building impossible in the years following the war, and temporary wooden form-rooms and connecting corridors had therefore to remain. Just before the retirement of the three founders in 1954—the year in which Miss Clarke, a former member of the staff and with a distinguished teaching record, became Headmistress—the Endowment Fund was established. *(Continued overleaf.)*

BENENDEN SCHOOL: FROM MORNING BREAK TO A CHEMISTRY CLASS.



SURROUNDED BY SMOOTH LAWNS AND CLAD IN IVY: A VIEW OF NEW HOUSE, WHICH CONTAINS THE TWO HOUSES "MARSHALL" AND "MEDWAY."



DURING THE MID-MORNING BREAK: SOME OF THE GIRLS STROLLING PAST THE OLD STABLES, WHILE OTHERS CONVERSE BY THE FINE ITALIAN SUNDIAL.



THE HEADMISTRESS, MISS E. B. CLARKE, TAKING PRAYERS IN THE MAIN SCHOOL HALL, WHICH WAS BUILT BEFORE THE SECOND WORLD WAR.



IN THE MAIN ENTRANCE HALL: MISS CRIDLAND, ONE OF THE HOUSE MISTRESSES, TAKING HOUSE ORDER AFTER LUNCH.



AN AFTERNOON PERIOD OF PRIVATE STUDY IN THE LIBRARY, WHICH WAS BUILT IN THE MID-1950's, THANKS TO THE GENEROSITY OF FRIENDS AND PARENTS.



MASTERING THE SCIENCE OF THE ELEMENTS AND THEIR COMBINATIONS: MEMBERS OF THE Vth FORM PONDERING HARD IN A CHEMISTRY CLASS.

Continued. and seniors, parents, and friends of the School gave ready and generous support. A new library was built and in 1956 a pre-war dream was realised when the new chapel was consecrated by the Archbishop of Canterbury. Over the past thirty years Benenden has built up a fine reputation for itself and has now established itself as one of the country's leading

independent schools for girls. A high educational standard has been reached at Benenden and many Benenden seniors have made their mark in a variety of professions. The faith and loyalty of past members of the School is proved by the fact that so many of their daughters follow them to Benenden. The record of a school but thirty-five years old is indeed a proud one.

A ROYAL ENGLISH CUP AND CROWN: TWO OUTSTANDING PIECES AT MUNICH.



THE CROWN OF AN ENGLISH QUEEN: THE FINELY-CHASD WORK OF ART STUDDED WITH DIAMONDS AND PEARLS, BROUGHT TO HEIDELBERG BY PRINCESS BLANCA, DAUGHTER OF HENRY IV, FOR HER MARRIAGE TO LUDWIG III, PRINCE ELECTOR OF THE PALATINATE.

DR. HERBERT BRUNNER, Curator of the Residenz Museum, Munich, writes of these outstanding works of art—of English origin—which are now on exhibition at the museum:—“The Treasure Chamber of the House of Wittelsbach, which reigned in Bavaria from 1190 to 1918, is the showpiece of the Residenz (Royal Palace) at Munich. Its founder, Duke Albrecht V, who by a Deed of Foundation in 1565 decreed that his Treasure should always remain in the Residenz, at the same time initiated the collections of Bavaria which were not opened to the public until the 19th century. The Treasure Chamber contains precious works of the goldsmith's and stonemason's art, from the time of the Carolingians to the time of Napoleon, comprising approximately 1000 items. The Residenz itself, which has been expanding steadily since 1384 (the most important parts date from 1560-1600) and which was completed only in the 19th century, suffered considerable damage during the last war. The first stage of reconstruction has now been terminated by completion of fifty museum rooms. The history of this princely Treasure Chamber, the entire contents of which have been preserved, is a journey through centuries of patronage, of the arts, of the zeal of the collector, but also of wars, times of stress and confusion. The two works of art illustrated, both of which are of English origin, constitute, together with one specimen of the Order of the Garter, the only pieces which have found their



A CRYSTAL CUP MOUNTED IN GOLD WHICH ONCE BELONGED TO HENRY VIII: A WONDERFUL EXAMPLE OF THE ART OF HANS HOLBEIN THE YOUNGER APPLIED TO ORIGINAL VENETIAN WORK.

way from England to the Bavarian Treasure Chamber. There is first of all the crown of an English Queen of the 14th century. We do not know for whom it was made or who wore it. We only know that this crown was described in 1399 in English inventories as an 'older jewel' and that Princess Blanca, the daughter of Henry IV, brought it with her in 1402 to Heidelberg on her marriage to Ludwig III, the Prince Elector of the Palatinate. A circle of twelve gold roses in tracery work with coloured enamel holds six large and six small golden lilies. The rich and colourful setting of jewels produces a harmony of three colours: blue (sapphires), white (pearls) and red (rubies). The other piece is a crystal cup mounted in gold. The body, of gold Venetian work of 1330-40, came into the possession of King Henry VIII of England, who had the rich gold mounting, the cover, foot and handle designed about 1540 by his court painter, Hans

Holbein. A profusion of grotesque masks, birds, fabulous creatures, fruit and flower ornaments—the whole of coloured enamel and enriched by Latin mottoes—are entwined with one another. Until 1649 this precious cup was in the upper jewel room of the Tower of London. Then it was sold to Amsterdam. In 1678 the Dutchman, Willem Kalf, painted it surrounded by a still-life of fruit. In 1711 we find it among the treasures of the Wittelsbachs, first in Düsseldorf and from the end of the 18th century in Munich.”

Reproduced by courtesy of the Residenz Museum, Munich.



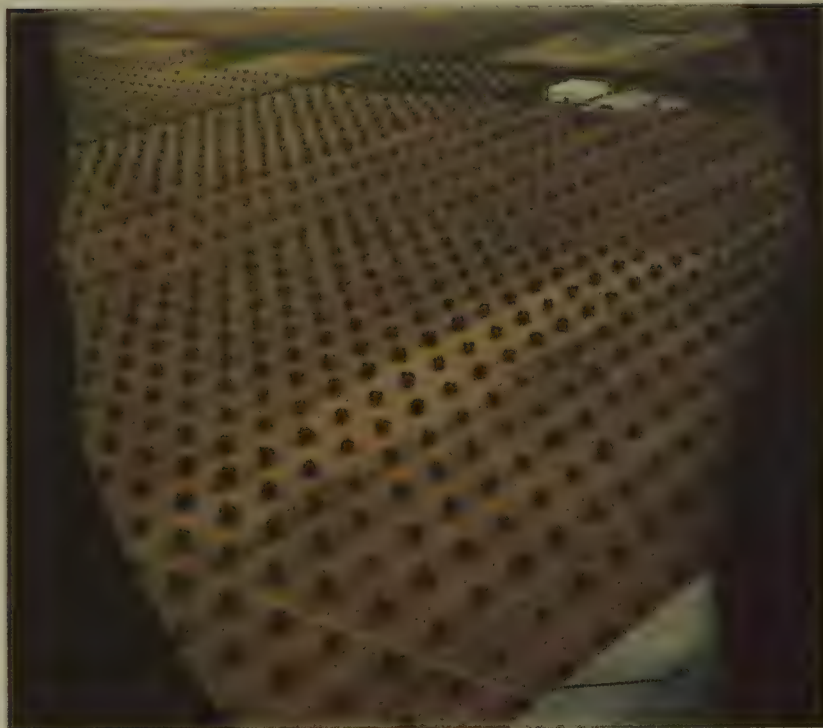
YESTERDAY'S DESERT—TO-MORROW'S FOREST: A VIEW OF DUNE LAND IN LIBYA IN WHICH THE DRIFTING SAND HAS BEEN FIXED WITH CROSSING LINES OF GRASS.



INTO EACH SQUARE OF PROTECTION FORMED BY THE CROSSING LINES OF GRASS A TREE SEEDLING—USUALLY ACACIA OR EUCALYPTUS—IS PLANTED.



THE EDGE OF A FIXED AREA. EACH SEEDLING TREE IS REGISTERED AND ITS PROGRESS TENDED AND RECORDED. THE GRASS SUPPLIES NECESSARY PROTECTION FOR A YEAR.



WHAT CAN BE DONE IN A SEMI-DESERT LAND: A LARGE PLANTATION OF OLIVE TREES SET OUT IN QUINCUNX FORMATION IN THE ROMAN FASHION—FROM THE AIR.



PART OF THE TREE NURSERY AT HASHAN, WHERE 1,250,000 SEEDLING TREES ARE GROWN. ANOTHER LIBYAN NURSERY GROWS ABOUT 3,000,000 SEEDLINGS.



A NURSERY CLOSE-UP: TINY TREE SEEDLINGS PLANTED IN EMPTY BEER-CANS, WHICH SERVE AS POTS AND ARE A BY-PRODUCT OF U.S. AND BRITISH SERVICE MESSES.

DESERT RECLAMATION IN LIBYA: HOW GRASS FIXES THE DUNES AND MAKES POSSIBLE THE GROWTH OF TREES.

Land reclamation is one of the most fascinating, blameless and essential of man's occupations; and whatever the natural enemy to be defeated—sea, wind, sand, swamp, aridity or salinity—the first problem is usually the same: getting something or anything to grow. The green plant is always the best first cultivator; its leaves make food from sunlight and use whatever rain or dew is available; its roots, given half a chance, search down to the water-table and tap the hidden springs; even after death its roots and leaves make humus and the condition of fertility; and when small plants achieve the status of trees, or are succeeded by them, they can begin to alter climates and cause rain to fall and—even more important—to be absorbed and retained for further

use. In our issue of November 1 last year we described a land reclamation project in Holland; here we show pictures of land reclamation and afforestation in the kingdom of Libya, the colour photographs being taken in dune areas in Tripolitania. Widely different though the climates are, the problem is the same—to hold an area of shifting sand still—and the method is the same—to plant lines of grass capable of growing in sand in a criss-cross forming an infinite number of sheltered squares. In the centre of each square, a drought-tolerant tree seedling, usually acacia or eucalyptus, is planted. If there is some degree of water a foot below the surface, a year of protection is all the seedling requires and the infant forest comes into being.

IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.



He hath a garden circummur'd with brick,
Whose western side is with a vineyard backed;
And to that vineyard is a planced gate,
That makes his opening with this bigger key:

This other doth command a little door

Which from the vineyard to the garden leads. . .

WHERE was this garden and vineyard? *Measure for Measure* is set, rather curtly, in Vienna; on the other hand, whereas the gentry in the play have names like Vincentio, Angelo and Claudio, the lower orders are represented by persons named Elbow, Froth, and so forth. Despite this, ask any confident scholar who has never looked into our horticultural history how an English poet comes to put a vineyard into his garden, and he will tell you that Shakespeare, without being a "devil incarnate," was, like every other poet and artist of his day, an "Englishman Italianate." The vineyard, then, came out of his Italianate imagination, even if it was in Vienna.

The truth is different: it is that, for as far back into the past as there are any records or written hints at all, there is copious evidence that England, ever since the Emperor Probus's liberal decontrol of the vinting industry in A.D. 280, has had its vineyards. Not numerous, nor, excepting perhaps in the 12th century, commercially important; but there, growing, ripening grapes, producing wine and, above all, making our link with that fecund and sunny Mediterranean culture which liberated all that was sublime in the minds and spirits of Englishmen like Shakespeare. That greatest of the world's poets, then, did not have to imagine a garden with an adjoining vineyard; he had seen and frequented such gardens; there were Royal vineyards at Oatlands, in Surrey; Robert Cecil was planting his vineyard near Hatfield when *Measure for Measure* was a new play, the vines being obtained for him by Madame de la Boderies at 8 crowns a thousand.

Let it be freely admitted that English viticulture has always been marginal. From the 3rd to the 11th century it was, no doubt, what we may call "subsistence wine growing"—that is, the monastery or the manor which had a vineyard and a wine-press simply kept its own people supplied with small wine, and did not sell it. There was, however, from the 10th until the 17th centuries, always some small dealing in English wine and in verjuice for the making and blending of wine. Monastery and cathedral chapter records and accounts have very numerous examples of such transactions. There are about thirty vineyards in the Domesday Book survey of holdings. Going back to an earlier document, the *Leges Anglosaxonicae*, we find Alfred legislating for disputes over vineyards: "Si quis damnum intulerit alterius vineæ vel agro, vel alicui ejus terræ, compenset sicut quis illud aestimet." And, going forward a few centuries in time, here, from William of Malmesbury's *De Pontificum Anglorum*, in the account of Gloucestershire, is even better evidence:

This county is planted more thickly with vineyards than any other in England, more plentiful in crops and more pleasant in flavour. For the wines do not offend the mouth with sharpness since they do not yield to the French in sweetness.

Later still we have Defoe, writing of a Mr. Howard's house, called Deaden, in Dorking, and its "... fine vineyard ... which, they say, has produced since [being planted] most excellent wines and a great quantity of them." The fact is, it would be easy to fill half a dozen numbers

VINEYARDS IN ENGLAND.

By EDWARD HYAMS.

of this journal with accounts of English wine-growing taken from every century from the 9th till the 19th. There has probably been no break since the 3rd century. But the line is very tenuous. In the 19th century the only vineyard was the Marquis of Bute's, in Glamorganshire, in all about 20 acres planted to one of the Gamays, begun in 1875 and ending, apparently, in 1914, during which time wine was made in most years, and in some was of the finest quality, fetching good prices in open competition with wines from the Continent.

Why, if all this be true, has wine-growing never developed into a branch of commercial agriculture in England? The usual answer is that

Another question which crops up from time to time is why, although a few vineyards have succeeded in England, have others failed? There are two answers: site, in England as in Alsace, is all-important. The pundits' northern limit for viticulture is 50° N. But, obviously, very favourable sites north of that line—e.g., steep, south-facing hillsides—are often better than less favourable sites to the south of it. And, secondly, variety: of the many thousands of *cépages* in cultivation, both *V. vinifera* varieties and hybrids obtained by crossing such varieties with North American species, or varieties of those species, only very few are sufficiently early and sufficiently *hâtif*—i.e., taking a short time to mature fruit after burgeoning, to succeed with us. So that, time after time, would-be wine-growers unwilling to make patient trial of many varieties over a period of years, have planted thoroughly unsuitable varieties and, when they failed as they were certain to do, blamed the English climate.

When we began to make a garden it was my ambition to have it backed by a vineyard like Angelo in *Measure for Measure*. It was obvious that we should have to discover by experiment what vines to plant. When we had started trials, we heard that Mr. Barrington Brock was doing the same thing on a larger and more scientific scale at Oxted. Since that time, we have exchanged results and cuttings. About a hundred varieties have been tried and about a dozen provisionally passed as worth longer trial; of these, perhaps half a dozen varieties can now be regarded as definitely suitable for vineyards on favourable sites in southern England. And while these practical trials were going on, I set myself to master the history of wine-growing in England. From history and experience, what conclusions can be drawn?

First, that there are a number of vine varieties, both *V. vinifera* and hybrids, which, given suitable sites, will produce and ripen a satisfactory crop of wine-grapes in England south of latitude 52° N. By "ripen" in this context we mean mature grapes to the point where they contain 16 per cent. of sugar or more—preferably more. A grape is "ripe" for eating—that is, will taste sweet—with about 13 per cent. sugar. Secondly, that there are numerous south-facing hillsides on the great belt of chalk extending diagonally across southern

England which are certainly as suitable, climatically and in other respects, for fine white wine grapes as many of the famous vineyards of the Rhine and Moselle and even Champagne. Third, that the limestone regions should also provide such sites, as they did in the past. Fourth, that it is much more difficult to produce a good red wine than a good white in England; but that, with the right mixture of *cépages* and the right site on some of the red soils—the matching of soil to wine colour has a perfectly sound scientific basis—this, too, can be done. Fifthly, that, given all these conditions, the vintage would be regular enough to make it worth while continuing. Very roughly speaking, a decade would probably include one superb year, three good years, three fair years, one partial failure and one disastrous failure: that is not much more than a guess, but I would back it with money.

In short, apart from the vineyard as part of the private garden, would it be possible to grow wine commercially in England and make a living at it? Yes. A profit? Yes. A fortune? Certainly not.



A KEY TO GRAPE SIZES AS GROWN IN THE OPEN AIR IN KENT THIS YEAR—WITH A HALFPENNY AS A STANDARD OF SIZE.

No. 3, Muscat of Alexandria, is the only dessert grape; the remainder, wine grapes as follows: No. 1, Gamay Hâtif des Vosges; No. 2, Seyve-Villard 5276; No. 4, Baco No. 1; No. 5, Seibel 13,053; No. 6, Seibel 5279; and No. 7, Riesling x Sylvaner. (Photograph by Douglas Weaver.)



SAXON VINE-DRESSERS PRUNING THE VINES—FROM AN 11TH-CENTURY ANGLO-SAXON MS. IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM. Domesday Book lists thirty English vineyards and Alfred the Great legislated for disputes in vineyards. It appears that from the 10th to the 17th centuries there was always some dealing in English wines; and "subsistence wine growing" seems to date back to the 3rd century A.D.

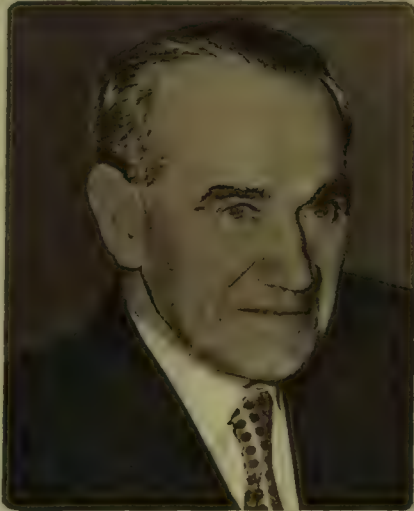
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our climate has changed. In fact, however, while evidence that it has changed for the worse is about balanced by evidence that it has changed for the better, this is not the point. For, as we have seen, the climate did not, in fact, prevent such few men as wanted a vineyard from having one, and making good wine; furthermore, if a careful comparison be made of the weather statistics for southern England and for, e.g., the Rhine vineyards, it will be found that there are regions of England that have slightly higher temperatures and a few more sunshine hours per annum than several very famous Rhenish vineyards. Climate is not the answer; partly, I think, the answer is to be found in the ease with which very cheap wines have been imported from France and elsewhere since the 14th century (and, in all probability, since the 1st century B.C. in small quantities). There is another factor to consider: the cultural one; England lies between what Victor Heyn called the Beer and Butter Lands and the Wine and Oil Lands. Her "top people" have always looked south and drunk wine; but her people *tout court* have lived in the northern manner and drunk beer, or rather, ale.

PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK : PEOPLE AND EVENTS IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



CONSERVATIVE MEMBER FOR HARROW WEST: THE LATE SIR A. BRAITHWAITE. Major Sir Albert Braithwaite, Conservative Member for Harrow West since 1951 and for the Buckrose division of the East Riding of Yorkshire from 1926 until 1945, died on October 20 at the age of sixty-six. In the 1959 General Election he was returned with a majority of 18,000.



PREMIER OF NEW SOUTH WALES: THE LATE MR. JOHN JOSEPH CAHILL. Mr. Cahill, the late Premier of New South Wales, died in a Sydney Hospital on October 22, at the age of sixty-eight. He was a staunch adherent of the Roman Catholic Church and was much respected as a skilful and moderate politician. He had been in office for a record term. Mr. Cahill was a much-respected pioneer of his party's social reform.



RETIRING FROM THE U.S. ARMY MISSILE COMMAND: MAJOR-GENERAL MEDARIS. Major-General John B. Medaris, the head of the U.S. Army Missile Command, is retiring for reasons of tiredness. This announcement came at the same time as the decision to transfer the United States space programme research from the army to a civilian agency, the National Aeronautics and Space Administration. He has been in the Army for forty years.



ELECTED RECORDER OF LONDON BY THE COURT OF ALDERMEN: SIR ANTHONY HAWKE. Sir Anthony Hawke, the Common Serjeant, who is sixty-four, has been elected Recorder of London by the Court of Aldermen, in succession to Sir Gerald Dodson, who is retiring. Sir Anthony Hawke has sat regularly at the Old Bailey as Common Serjeant since his appointment in 1954.



AWARDED THE STANHOPE GOLD MEDAL FOR BRAVERY: LT. HALL, R.N. Lieutenant D. N. Hall, R.N., was awarded the Stanhope Gold Medal for the bravest deed of 1958. He saved the life of the son of the then Governor of Malta, Sir Robert Laycock, whose A.D.C. he was. He received the medal on Oct. 19.



INVESTED AS AN OFFICER OF THE ORDER OF ST. JOHN: CAPTAIN ATHELSTAN POPKESS. Captain Athelstan Popkess, Chief Constable of Nottingham, was invested as an Officer Brother of the Order of St. John on October 22 by Lord Wakehurst, Lord Prior of the Order. Captain Popkess was suspended by the Nottingham Watch Committee last July but was reinstated.



THE NEW CHILEAN AMBASSADOR GOING TO PRESENT HIS CREDENTIALS: SENOR DON SANTA CRUZ. The new Chilean Ambassador to this country, Señor Don Santa Cruz, went to Buckingham Palace, where he presented his letters of credence to the Queen, on October 21. He is shown here leaving his house, 47, Grosvenor Square, to be driven on his way to the Palace.



A POET AWARDED THE NOBEL PRIZE: SIG. SALVATORE QUASIMODO. Signor Salvatore Quasimodo, the Italian poet, who is fifty-eight, has been awarded the 1959 Nobel Prize for literature. The award has been given for his lyrical poetry. Signor Quasimodo published his most recent volume last year.



MINISTER OF STATE, SCOTTISH OFFICE: MR. J. NIXON BROWNE, WHO IS NOW A LIFE PEER.



MINISTER OF STATE, COMMONWEALTH RELATIONS OFFICE: MR. C. J. M. ALPORT.



MINISTER OF STATE, BOARD OF TRADE: MR. F. J. ERROLL, FORMERLY ECONOMIC SECRETARY, TREASURY.

Since the announcement on October 22, only one junior ministerial post is left vacant. Mr. Richard Wood is promoted to be Minister of Power. He has previously been Parliamentary Secretary, Ministry of Pensions, and Parliamentary Secretary, Ministry of Labour



POSTMASTER-GENERAL: MR. J. R. BEVINS, FORMERLY PARLIAMENTARY SECRETARY FOR HOUSING AND LOCAL GOVERNMENT.



MINISTER OF WORKS: LORD JOHN HOPE, FORMERLY JOINT UNDER-SECRETARY, SCOTTISH OFFICE.

and National Pensions. Mr. J. R. Bevins, who is now Postmaster-General, began his education at an elementary school. Mr. Nixon Browne, who lost his seat in Glasgow in the last election, becomes a life peer and Minister of State, Scottish Office.



MINISTER OF POWER: MR. R. WOOD, FORMERLY PARLIAMENTARY SECRETARY, MINISTRY OF LABOUR.



PARALLEL LINES THAT NEVER SEEM TO MEET: A VIEW OF PART OF THE NEWLY-CONSTRUCTED LONDON-BIRMINGHAM MOTORWAY, WHERE THE A.45 CROSSES IT NEAR WEEDON. THE MOTORWAY WILL BE FORMALLY OPENED ON NOVEMBER 2.

In a ceremony near Luton on November 2 the Minister of Transport, Mr. Ernest Marples, will open the £20,000,000 London-Birmingham Motorway. This will complete an important part in the Government's ambitious plan for road modernisation in this country. The new motorway has over 90 miles of dual-carriageway, and the completion of it will be a little more than nineteen months after the previous Minister, Mr. Harold Watkinson, sounded a klaxon horn to start the first excavations. One of the most pleasing features of the motorway may be the groups or groves of forest trees planted beside it.

Recommendations of this kind have been made by the Advisory Committee on the Landscape Treatment of Trunk Roads, which has pointed out that tree-planting on anything but a bold scale would be reduced to a triviality. The committee recommended that this planting should be confined to certain areas where the trees would not interrupt the wide views which the new road opens up to drivers. There is a proposed extension of this motorway to Yorkshire which branches off the Birmingham road south of Rugby, but no excavations have yet been undertaken. (Photograph by Aerofilms, Ltd.)

THE NEW FACE OF BRITAIN'S COLLIERIES: INCREASED EFFICIENCY AND AMENITY IN NEW AND REMODELLED PITS IN ENGLAND AND SCOTLAND.



WHAT A MODERN COLLIERY LOOKS LIKE ON THE SURFACE: SEAFIELD COLLIERY, ON THE EAST FIFE COAST. ITS 5000-TON-PER-DAY OUTPUT WILL BE WON FROM UNDER THE SEA.



THESE TOWERS, HERE SEEN AT KILLOCH COLLIERY, Ayrshire, ARE CALLED KOEPE TOWERS AND ARE CHARACTERISTIC OF MOST MODERN COLLIERIES.



NEW MONKTON COLLIERY, YORKS. THIS IS THE WINDING TOWER OF A NEW SHAFT, PART OF A RECONSTRUCTION TO MEET ROADWAYS FROM OLDER NEIGHBOURING PITS.



THE 150-FT. TOWER WHICH STANDS OVER A NEW SHAFT AT THE RISING SUN COLLIERY, WALLSEND. THE NEW SHAFT IS DESIGNED TO RAISE PRODUCTION BY 1500 TONS A DAY.

Coal, as is now clearly apparent, is facing fierce competition from other fuels and this is a competition which can only be met by producing coal more cheaply and efficiently. The National Coal Board has been aware of this need for some time and it has for some years been putting its house in order, and its capital investment programme has been devoted to opening new pits and

reconstructing and remodelling old ones. It takes many years to sink a new pit, however, and the results are not immediately apparent; but in the next few years a number of new collieries on which work began during the earlier years of the reconstruction programme will be coming into production, and the national economy, it is hoped, will benefit increasingly from the capital



A NEW COLLIERY AT BILSTON GLEN, MIDLOTHIAN. UNLIKE THE REST SHOWN, THE WINDING GEAR IS THE OLD-FASHIONED CABLE-AND-DRUM METHOD—NOT THE KOEPE WINDING.

which has been invested in the industry. We show here a number of new and reconstructed collieries which are playing or will shortly play an important part in this expansion of production—and it is interesting to see, as it were, the new face of collieries—at all events, as they appear to the man on the surface. Perhaps the most notable, though not invariable, feature is the



WOLSTANTON COLLIERY, STAFFORDSHIRE. AS A RESULT OF REMODELLING, A NEW SHAFT HAS BEEN SUNK TO A DEPTH OF 1100 YARDS—OVER WHICH THIS TOWER STANDS.

skyscraper tower, the Koepe tower, which incorporates the winding gear and consequently is the means by which the coal reaches the surface. Of the new collieries, Bilston Glen, Killoch, and Parkside, in Lancashire (not illustrated), will each produce 1,000,000 tons a year, while Seafield will yield from beneath the Firth of Forth about 1,800,000 tons a year.

THE WORLD OF THE THEATRE.

PAGE TO STAGE

By J. C. TREWIN.

IT is obvious that a novel, adapted three times for the stage over a quarter of a century, must have some exceptional dramatic value. "The Edwardians," by V. Sackville-West, has just arrived at the Saville, in a version by Ronald Gow. Regrettably, I had not read the book; but the title sent me hurrying back to the records. At the Croydon Repertory in September 1932, Henry Cass (later director at the Old Vic) produced an adaptation by Dorothy Black, with such people in the cast as Alan Webb, Clifford Evans, and the late Cecil Truncer; and during the spring of 1937 Edward Knoblock's "The Edwardians" went on at Richmond with John Bailey as the Duke.

Thus the shape of the novel has already attracted a distinguished actress, Miss Black (she did not appear in it herself), and two of the most skilled technicians of their periods, Messrs. Knoblock and Gow. A rapid skirmish through the years has not revealed a fourth version; still, these are enough to prove that Miss Sackville-West's characters have always been ready to come alive on the stage as well as in the mind.

Now and then, over the seasons, I find myself faced with roughly the same article: the difficulties of transferring a novel to the theatre. I have talked about the way in which scale can be changed, proportions altered, characters wrenched; I have quoted Henry Arthur Jones, from a lost era, who held that there could be "no true or quite satisfactory transference," that "a play must differ widely from the novel from which it is quarried, not only in the course of its action but also in the necessary adjustment of each character to the action." I need not go into all that again at length. Further (and once more I regret it), not having studied Miss Sackville-West's book earlier, I can talk of the play only as it reached us as a work for the theatre. Authorities tell me that the end is changed; they say that the Duke of Chevron, as we see him at the Saville, is not the Duke we meet in the novel. But I must close my ears: what matters is the impact upon a playgoer brought freshly to the play.

First, members of the *avant-garde* will be snorting at this production. Does it not come in a period that, so it has been claimed or implied over and over—most recently by Charles Landstone in a "World Theatre" article with which I cheerfully disagree—is governed by a merry-go-round of young and rebellious playwrights? As a rule, these young rebels drift about noisily on the fringes; though (let us be topical) they have won two or three seats in the West End, their party is a small, vociferous minority. They will detest "The Edwardians." Far, far away on the other side, there will be hard-shell playgoers who, when they go to the theatre, still enjoy (Bernard Shaw speaking) "fashionable dresses, a little music, and even an exhibition of eating and drinking by people with an expensive air, attended by an if-possible-comic waiter." I do not think these playgoers will enjoy "The Edwardians": it is altogether too serious in places, the air is oddly chill on the terrace at Chevron, and the end is by no means what it should be.

Never mind: I suggest that for playgoers with any sense of atmosphere, for those prepared to look beyond the to-and-fro of the plot, and to regard its characters as figures against the sunset, held for a moment in the last glow of the Edwardian world, the play can be strangely moving. It is, in effect, a comment on English social history. The cry, "Death of the King!" outside the London windows at the end of the second act—it should be heard more plainly—sounds like the

passing bell that tolls the end of a period. There will be four years yet to August 1914; but the Edwardians have gone. A day must come inevitably when the tale of the great house of Chevron will sound to a new generation like the tale of Ozymandias, king of kings: the lone and level sands stretch far away.



A SCENE FROM RONALD GOW'S SKILFUL ADAPTATION OF V. SACKVILLE-WEST'S NOVEL, "THE EDWARDIANS," AT THE SAVILLE THEATRE: STANDING ON THE STEPS ARE (L. TO R.) LORD TEMPLECOMBE (NICHOLAS HANNEN), SEBASTIAN (JEREMY BRETT), SYLVIA (HELEN CHERRY), GEORGE (ANTHONY SHARP) AND SIR HARRY TREMAINE (RICHARD VERNON).



"THE DOWAGER IN THE WHEEL-CHAIR . . . WHO MOVES OUT ON THE CHEVRON TERRACE LIKE A CONQUERING TAMBURLAINE," AND THE BUTLER WHO IS "THE HEIR OF ALL AGES": THE VICTORIAN DOWAGER (ATHENE SEYLER) WITH VIGEON (ERNEST THESIGER) IN ANOTHER SCENE FROM "THE EDWARDIANS."

I am sure that "The Edwardians" must be a superb book. The version can only hint at it, for those various reasons, matters of proportion, scale, selection, and the rest, so often considered

here. Yet, as a stage play, it is one to respect. I am not much concerned with the detail of its plotting (though it does appear to me that the matrimonial affairs of the twelfth Duke of Chevron are quite as important as those of Mr. Jimmy Porter who had a certain notoriety in 1956); but the atmosphere of Chevron is elaborately realised, and it is for this that I shall think of the night with continued respect.

Several of the performances in a production by Alan Bridges will linger: Athene Seyler as the Victorian dowager in the wheel-chair (she might well go back yet another century) who moves out upon the Chevron terrace like a conquering Tamburlaine (there we are even farther back); Nicholas Hannen and Richard Vernon as week-end guests whose spectres must haunt the long gallery; Ambrosine Phillpotts, in proud, full sail; and Ernest Thesiger's butler who, more clearly than any Duke, is heir of all the ages. Jeremy Brett and Helen Cherry as the luckless lovers do all that can be done. I shall certainly remember "The Edwardians" ("To lead your own life is worse than running away with someone"): it has necessarily to be imperfect, but, whatever may happen to it, I shall think of it without facile cynicism—and there is bound to be a lot of this—as something worth more than several of the hysterically-applauded mayflies of the time.

There is no sense of atmosphere in "The Kensington Squares." The fate of this piece, which was at the Westminster when I met it, is uncertain; I had better say simply that the late Sonnie Hale had a less happy idea than he thought when he transferred a Kensington Colonel and his wife to Wapping so that they should be in the right milieu as parents of a skiffle-king son. It works out, I am afraid, as a naïvely snobbish little farce, with one performance by Marian Spencer that made me wish again that we could see this always likeable actress in a part worthy of her.

The play at the Lyric, Hammersmith, "Man on Trial," though infinitely more important in theory, comes in some chaos to the stage. It is, in effect, a debate—translated by Lucienne Hill from the Italian of Diego Fabbri—about a modern Jewish family that endeavours, night after night, to examine afresh the circumstances of the trial of Christ. It is all very fervent and genuine; voices cry from the auditorium; the stage holds a form of public meeting. Yet (I speak for myself) in performance it is dull: the language is without eloquence, and the play does not begin to fix the imagination.

So, at length, to the East End, and to Theatre Workshop's home at the Theatre Royal, Stratford-atte-Bowe, now newly decorated, with a crystal chandelier, and everything handsome about it. In these days Theatre Workshop's sun is high. It seems that prosperity may well shine upon "Make Me an Offer," Wolf Mankowitz's briskly sardonic glance at the Portobello Road market, with music by the "Expresso Bongo" pair, Monty Norman and David Heneker. If this misses the West End, I shall be startled; the book may loiter now and then, but the score and the

lyrics are always gay and pointed, and I shall welcome another glance at that constant smile on the face of Dilys Laye (she plays a very shrewd business woman), and another night with Meier Tzelniker in relentlessly urbane control of a dealers' market. The whole thing, directed by Joan Littlewood and moving with the most supple ease from page to stage, re-creates the world of "a few years ago, before Wedgwood was fashionable." Another lost period, in fact.

OUR CRITIC'S FIRST-NIGHT JOURNAL.

"ROLLO" (Strand).—Leo McKern in Felicity Douglas's version of the French of Marcel Achard. (October 27.)

LES FRERES JACQUES (Adelphi).—The French comedians. (October 28.)

"THE MARRIAGE-GO-ROUND" (Piccadilly).—John Clements and Kay Hammond in a new American comedy. (October 29.)

"THE RAIN IT RAINETH" (Hampstead Theatre Club).—Trader Faulkner in a play by William Ingram, directed by James Roode Evans. (October 29.)

A RARE BIRD FROM RUSSIA; A NEW DISTILLERY; AND A MARINE ART EXHIBITION.



MORE LIKE A GIANT BIRD THAN AN AIRCRAFT: MR. EMIEL HARTMAN WITH HIS STRANGE MAN-POWERED CRAFT, THE ORNITHOPTER. The ornithopter, produced by Mr. Hartman after two years of planning, possesses distinctly bird-like attributes in its feathered wings which can be flapped for lift and forward speed. The craft is undergoing tests at the College of Aeronautics airfields at Cranfield, Bedfordshire.



A PLAYFUL TUG FOR AN APPARENTLY UNCONCERNED RUSSIAN VULTURE—A RECENT, AND VERY RARE, ACQUISITION AT THE LONDON ZOO.

This bearded vulture, known as a Lammergeyer, and with a wing span of 10 ft., was acquired by the London Zoo from Moscow. For its habit of dropping bones from a height and then descending to eat the marrow it is sometimes called a "Bone Breaker."



WHERE GIN IS MADE: A SCENE INSIDE THE STILL HOUSE OF BOOTH'S RECENTLY OPENED NEW RED LION DISTILLERY IN TURNMILL STREET, LONDON.

A new distillery, one of the most modern of its type and built at a cost of £1,000,000, was recently opened in Turnmill Street, near the Clerkenwell Road, on a site where the famous firm has been distilling gin since 1740. The opening marked their 219th anniversary.



(Left.) FOUR YORKSHIRE MINERS ARRIVING FOR THE NEW SESSION OF PARLIAMENT: (L. TO R.) MESSRS. R. KELLEY, E. WAINWRIGHT, D. GRIFFITHS, AND A. BEANEY

(Right.) NEW FACES AT WESTMINSTER: MR. G. JOHNSON SMITH (LEFT) AND MR. CHRISTOPHER CHATAWAY, BOTH OF WHOM ARE WELL-KNOWN TELEVISION PERSONALITIES.

By October 22, 588 M.P.s out of a total of 630 had taken their oath of allegiance to the Queen. In the two-day ceremony they slowly filed past the new Speaker, Sir Harry Hylton-Foster, to shake hands with him. Among the members who had still to take the oath was Mr. Butler, who was on honeymoon.

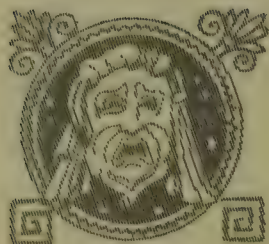


AT THE PREVIEW OF THE FOURTEENTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION AT GUILDHALL OF THE SOCIETY OF MARINE ARTISTS: A VISITOR ADMIRING A VIGOROUS PAINTING.

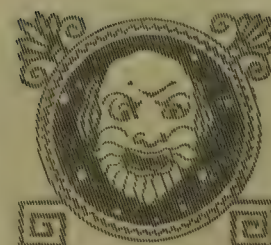
The Annual Exhibition of the Society of Marine Artists was opened at Guildhall on October 21 by Sir Bernard Docker. The Society, which has 200 lay members—many of them yachtsmen—and which is supported by shipowners, presents four prizes annually. Among the members are some Royal Academicians.



A VIEW OF ONE OF THE TESTING TANKS—WITH A REMOTELY CONTROLLED MODEL ON ITS SMOOTH SURFACE—AT THE NATIONAL PHYSICAL LABORATORY AT FELTHAM, MIDDLESEX, WHERE THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH RECENTLY OPENED THE NEW SHIP HYDRODYNAMICS LABORATORY. WITH THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH ON THE PLATFORM IS VISCOUNT HAILSHAM, RECENTLY APPOINTED MINISTER FOR SCIENCE. THE NEW LABORATORY COST £2,000,000 TO CONSTRUCT.



THE WORLD OF THE CINEMA



BOYISH TOMFOOLERY.

By ALAN DENT

Indians in the old Westerns), and the train coping beautifully with de-railers and half-ruined bridges. We have on board also a Dutch journalist, played by Herbert Lom, with a sinister smile—a character

OUR CRITIC'S CHOICE



CARY GRANT AND EVE MARIE SAINT IN "NORTH BY NORTHWEST." (M.-G.-M.)

"For their scenes together," writes Alan Dent, "in the new Alfred Hitchcock film, 'North by Northwest,' Cary Grant and a fine-featured new-comer, Eve Marie Saint, must be asked to share the award this time. Miss Saint has a certain enigmatic quality of beauty which is markedly reminiscent of the young Dietrich. And Mr. Grant reminds us of nothing so much as the young Grant. He stays, in other words, remarkably boyish, though he confesses with pride rather than shame to be in his early fifties. This very characteristic, and therefore very enjoyable, film began its career at the Empire, Leicester Square, on Wednesday, October 14."

who turns out to have Moslem blood and to be quite anxious to throw the boy Prince overboard whenever opportunity offers. Breezily in complete control over all such difficulties is Mr. More singing the "Eton Boating Song," in which he is supported by the English contingent, while the Dutchman glowers in a corner and the Indian engine-driver basks under a sunshade in the coal-truck (because he has been injured and Mr. More has taken over the engine-driving as to the manner born). Is it giving anything away to say that all ends happily and safely at Government House? In its way it is scrumptiously well directed by J. Lee Thompson.

Take "North by Northwest," in its turn. Was ever plot so breathtakingly foolish since "The Perils of Pauline" and "The Exploits of Elaine" in the dear dim old days of Pearl White? But here again we have a superlative director, Alfred Hitchcock, to make us swallow all improbabilities and sit back and relax right from the start. All the things that happen to that brilliantly youthful

middle-aged hero, Cary Grant! And the blood-curdling way they happen, and the exciting places they happen in! He is a busy, normal, nice advertising-man in New York. Going sedately into the Plaza Hotel to lunch one day, he is suddenly grabbed by two suspicious-looking individuals, bundled into a car, driven to a Long Island mansion in which appears James Mason, as velvety-voiced an international spy as ever existed. It is a case of mistaken identity, but the more Mr. Grant protests, the more Mr. Mason sneers. Mr. Grant, it seems, must die for the purposes of international espionage. So they force down his neck a whole bottle of bourbon-whisky, and shove him alone into the car, and tell him he had better drive for his life along the coast road at night. Mr. Grant does so, and instead of crashing to his death is arrested by a police car for speeding and being drunk.

This is as nothing to the other things that happen to Mr. Grant. For example, he meets a beautiful lady in a train (Eve Marie Saint) who offers him the shelter of her sleeping-compartment when further police are after him on suspicion of murder. He has hardly thanked this lady when he discovers that she is the unscrupulous mistress of that big chief of international spies. Furthermore, he is sent into the heart of a Minnesota desert, left alone, at a bus-stop, and then peppered with bullets from a low-flying aeroplane. Out of this impasse he escapes with nothing worse than a dusted jacket. Finally he runs his light-of-love to earth in a villa in South Dakota near that mountain on top of which are gigantic effigies of past American Presidents. The film concludes with the spectacle of hero, villainous heroine, and plain villains all climbing down this mountainside in the most unnecessary way—but all just to give us a thrilling spectacular finish à la Hitchcock. It is all quite breathtaking, and leaves most of us quite breathless—though I admit to hearing an old lady in front of me saying to her companion at the end: "Yes, but I've no idea what any of them was after!"



A TENSE MOMENT AT THE MOUNTAIN-TOP FROM THE M.-G.-M. PRODUCTION, "NORTH BY NORTHWEST": ROGER THORNHILL (CARY GRANT) AND EVE KENDALL (EVE MARIE SAINT) IN DESPERATE FLIGHT, WITH THE DISPASSIONATE EFFIGIES OF TWO FAMOUS AMERICAN PRESIDENTS OF THE PAST—CARVED OUT OF A MOUNTAIN IN SOUTH DAKOTA—BEHIND THEM.

action long ago. It is driven by that delightful Indian actor with the glittering smile, I. S. Johar. Mr. Johar's English gets worse and worse, and more and more picturesque. Almost the first thing he says, when steaming up his wheezy locomotive, is this: "We shall be ready to go in a very, very soon moment." And later on, when somebody tells him his English is hopeless, he very logically replies, again with the smile: "No, Highness, my English is hopeful!"

Once we grant that the journey could be undertaken at all by such means and in such circumstances, it is an intensely exciting journey—the enemy chasing our train on horseback, firing at us incessantly and hardly ever hitting (like the Red



A SCENE FROM THE EXCITING PINWOOD STUDIOS PRODUCTION "NORTH WEST FRONTIER": THE RAJAH (FRANK OLEGARIO) TAKING A BRIEF FAREWELL OF HIS SON, PRINCE KISHAN (GOVIND ROSS), AS HIS GOVERNESS (LAUREN BACALL) AND THEIR ESCORT, CAPTAIN SCOTT (KENNETH MORE), LOOK ON. (LONDON PREMIERE: ODEON, LEICESTER SQUARE, OCTOBER 6.)

Reverting to those somewhat confusing directions with which we started, Hamlet must have had compass-boxing in mind when he said: "I am but mad north-north-west; when the wind is southerly, I know a hawk from a heronshaw!" It is excessively beside the point but I have been seeking for years a place in which I can tell readers how that grandiose actor, Barry Sullivan, once interpreted this when playing Hamlet at Manchester. Knowing that the last word was a regular crux for the scholars, he delivered it thus on the first night of his season: "When the wind is southerly, I know a hawk from a heron—pshaw!" Next morning the *Manchester Guardian* quoted this literally, and majestically remarked that the actor's new reading was hardly acceptable and should not be allowed to establish a precedent.

OTHER CURRENT FILMS.

"YESTERDAY'S ENEMY" (Columbia; Generally Released: October 19).—Stanley Baker in a powerful indictment of modern warfare which is both worth seeing and worth arguing about.

"ASK ANY GIRL" (M.-G.-M.; Generally Released: October 19).—Frisivolous but by no means unwitty light comedy, with David Niven and Shirley MacLaine.

"HONEYMOON ISLAND" (Rank; Generally Released: October 26).—A broth of a travel film about Ireland, giving much of the greenness and beauty and hardly a hint of the rain.

UNUSUAL PHOTOGRAPHS—NO. 12: A MICROSCOPE'S PUZZLE PICTURE.



A SINGLE CRYSTAL OF ALUMINIUM MAGNIFIED 28,000 TIMES TO REVEAL A MOUNTAINOUS LANDSCAPE.

This "deep romantic chasm" is, in effect, a crystal of aluminium magnified 28,000 times by a Japanese *Jem-5C* electron microscope. Japanese scientists at the Electronic Optics Laboratory in Tokyo have made such progress in optics and electronics that Japan is now a leading exporter of these instruments. They are able to magnify up to 1,000,000 times, using electron guns

and an electric field with a potential difference of 50,000 volts to achieve ultra short wave-lengths, 80,000 times shorter than visible light. Japan now has more electronic microscopes in use than the whole of Europe put together. Their use opens up new fields for research in the exploration of colloids, synthetic chemistry, virusology, metallurgy and mineralogy.

I WAS brought up short this week by a sentiment expressed by Sir John Hunt in his foreword to Mr. Ralph Barker's *THE LAST BLUE MOUNTAIN*. He writes:

Accidents are never to be sought in mountaineering. I am not encouraging them by saying that the greatness of this sport rests mainly in the risk of their happening. If we ever succeed in making climbing safe from danger, we had better give it up for something which retains the element of hazard. When an accident occurs, something may emerge of lasting value, for the human spirit may rise to its greatest heights.

This needs rather more thought than (as it seems to me) Sir John has given it. Human heroism can be manifested in a variety of ways, and selflessness in danger is among the most admirable of them. We applaud the man who rescues someone trapped in a burning house, but we do not set houses on fire in order to give him an opportunity to show his courage. No doubt this is, in a sense, what Sir John is saying—but he is also trying to say something perilously like this: "If houses never catch fire, then it is hardly worth living in them at all, and we must all go and find some inflammable habitation." That, of course, borders on nonsense.

But I must leave Sir John to sort out his philosophy in some more articulate manner, and come to this excellent book. Of all the stories of mountaineering which I have ever enjoyed—and this is a type of literature which makes a strong appeal to me—*THE LAST BLUE MOUNTAIN* is by far the best. The author apologises for the fact that he is not himself a mountaineer, and that he did not accompany the members of the Oxford University Mountaineering Club in the reconnaissance of Haramosh which they carried out in 1957. He need not be so modest. What matters is that Mr. Barker has sympathy and vivid imagination, and is a more than competent writer. Too often, in books of this kind, the leading figures are presented as colourless or conventional. Every member of the Haramosh expedition comes alive, and Mr. Barker has not hesitated to depict the weakness as well as the strength of each. He tells us of the minor irritations and spurts of bad feeling which inevitably occur when men live at close quarters under great strain. Consequently, we feel that we know Tony Streather, Bernard Jillot, and the rest intimately, so that when the accident happens, the tension becomes almost unbearable. Reviewers are apt to mention—somewhat complacently, I'm afraid—that a good book has cost them some sleep. It is rare indeed that they boast of having missed a meal by being unable to lay a volume down. Let it be known, therefore, that *THE LAST BLUE MOUNTAIN* deprived me of lunch on one never-to-be-forgotten day in October 1959!

Another traveller whose journey I followed this week is M. Lhote, who discovered the Tassili frescoes in a plateau of Central Sahara. This book is notable for its pictures, many of them in colour, which are proving of the greatest interest to archaeologists—though I learn that M. Lhote himself has reached some conclusions which may have to be modified. Be that as it may, I found his colloquial style—all too conscientiously translated by Alan Houghton Brodrick, normally so happily at home in dealing with things French—not a little irritating. *TASSILI FRESCOES* is, nevertheless, a book for which we should be grateful.

I little thought that I should be bored by a book with the spookish title *VOODOO IN HAITI*. Dr. Métraux has made an exhaustive and scholarly study of his macabre subject, and in doing so he has almost completely destroyed all that could cause a shiver in even the most sensitive spine. Cross-headings such as "Extraction of the Soul" or "The Black Hand Again" are sadly misleading to the vandal in search of a good thrill. If you have an uncle who is a notably dull and desiccated anthropologist, give him this work for Christmas.

Since I am among the privileged few who can correctly translate *VIN* (what, in heaven's name, led the blurb-writer to describe this as "a book for people who know what the title means"?), and also enjoy the substance itself, once I have it not only translated, but decanted, I appreciated Mr. Edward Hyams' work on the vineyards of France. He is quite right in recommending some of the lesser-known wines, and in pointing out what delight can be had from discovering them. But it is a pity that so many of them do not travel—a Vouvray, for example, so pleasing in Tours, is not the same wine even by the time it gets to Paris.

This has not been a vintage week for novels. So many Anglo-Saxons have written novels about Greece lately that it comes as something of a surprise to find one translated from a Greek original. Unfortunately, *THE MERMAID MADONNA*, by Stratis Myrivilis, is exactly like every

A LITERARY LOUNGER.

By E. D. O'BRIEN.

Anglo-Saxon-Greek novel I have ever read—and a good deal more so! I soon got tired of the beautiful but psychoneurotic young woman who might, as the author would like you to believe, have started life as a mermaid, and who arouses, without satisfying, the "affections"—is that the right name for them?—of all the fisher-boys on the island.

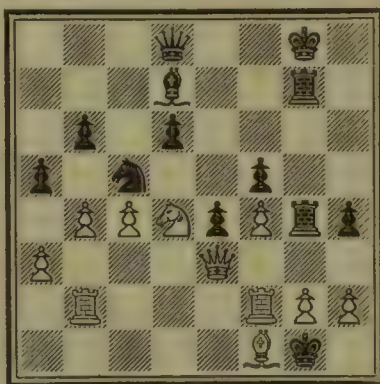
Nothing could be more Anglo-Saxon than Richard Church, and his *THE CRAB-APPLE TREE* is full of Jacks and Toms and Marys—Tom being a half-wit—pottering about in cottages. There is also a rich, brutal and foul-mouthed farmer who ends up—much to the surprise of the (by now

CHESS NOTES.

By BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.

TWO features stand out from the tale of the World Championship Candidates' Tournament in Yugoslavia, on reflecting over the games. One is the extraordinary inventiveness of the analysts today. Almost every other game seems to have seen some improvement in the opening on all previous play. The second is the extraordinary unevenness of the play which has reached heights of brilliancy but, on occasion . . . !

Look at this ending to the game between Keres (White) and Petrosian:



47. . . . R-N6!?
48. P×R KRP×P
49. R(B2)-Q2 Q-R5
50. B-K2 R-R2

Not 50. . . . Q-R7ch, 51. K-B1, Q-R8ch, 52. Q-N1 and Black gets nowhere.

51. K-B1? Q×Pch!

White resigns; for 52. Q×Q, R-R8 would be mate. But go back one move!

He could have scraped out by 51. B-R5, R×B. 52. K-B1, for now his K2 square is vacated; and neither 52. . . . Q-N5 53. N-K2 nor 52. . . . Q-R8ch 53. Q-N1, P-K6 54. R-K2 nor yet 52. . . . N-Q6 53. R×N, P×R. 54. N-B3 seems quite good enough.

What part fatigue played in this affair we can only guess; or time-trouble, perhaps?—the second time-control is reached on the fifty-sixth move.

But Black's fifty-first move . . . Q×Pch, though brilliant indeed, is not beyond many a first-class amateur; and many a routine congress player might find the saving clause 51. B-R5!

Coupled with other bits of news from the tournament, of won games lost and lost games won, it drives us once again to the old conclusion: these masters are only human!

pleasantly sleepy) reader, by marrying the heroine. (She must have been a half-wit, too.)

Miss G. B. Stern's *UNLESS I MARRY* was spoilt for me by the fact that I dearly wanted to strangle the principal character, a revolting young woman called Zillah, before she had finished winning the hearts of her new step-mother and step-brother and sister. However, one member of the family sees through her in the end, and she dies—not soon enough for me!

THE WAR LOVER, by John Hersey, is one of those stories of American airmen stationed in Britain during the war which goes on and on and on, as the unfortunate pilots become more and more crazy and mixed-up, and the local British girls play cat's-cradle with their complexes. I could have told you by page 14 exactly which sub-section of Freud applied to Buzz Marrow, and it seemed unnecessary to wait until page 361 to have it explained to me at tedious length by Daphne. This book is full of quaint, old-fashioned subtleties such as "f—ing" and "s—." (Shall I confide to you that there was one of these modest little initials which I was quite unable to relate to its origin? I am still puzzling over it, and I must—I tell myself for the hundredth time—learn American.)

If you can bear any more of Richard Gordon's facetious doctors, you will find a batch in *DOCTOR*

AND SON. For me, they have lost much of their original charm and not even the lighter side of obstetrics, which is the theme-song of their present capers, can win from me more than a pale smile. (The story of the actress and her secretary is, however, intensely funny.)

But perhaps I am sickening for the jaundice which is striking down my family, and there will be plenty of people to whom this Peter Pan of the medical schools will not pipe in vain.

I wonder how many readers will agree with me, having read *THE CROWDED SKY*, an anthology of flight edited by Neville Duke and Edward Lanchberry, how surprising it is that there is not more and better material for inclusion in what looks so tempting a collection? I believe that, in fact, the material does exist, and that the compilers have not cast their nets wide enough. But some of the pieces, especially the poems, are very good indeed.

Again, is it churlish to remark that, except for those who make a technical study of these things, few readers will find anything new in *A STUDY IN INFAMY*, by George Mikes? The activities of the secret police in Hungary, as in other Iron Curtain countries, are horrible enough, and it is good for us to be reminded of them. But there is a danger, as I have pointed out before, that over-repetition may end by blunting sensibilities rather than arousing them.

The compulsive modern tendency to conform to the Welfare State has not yet progressed far enough to banish from the English scene the dark and lugubrious unfulfilled genius. He has amused and sometimes even helped us since the earliest times, blossoming particularly under the shadow of some great patron. Thank God, therefore, for Geoffrey Nathaniel Pyke; a lugubrious character indeed who, in two world wars and the time between them, produced many original ideas, some entirely fantastic, some remarkably practical. The patron in his case was Lord Mountbatten. Like every other such patron, his function was to encourage by suffering nine fantastic ideas gladly and to recognise the tenth as both brilliant and useful. In David Lampe's book, *PYKE, THE UNKNOWN GENIUS*, I like best the story of one of Pyke's many brain-children, "Pykrete," at the Quebec Conference in 1943. At a meeting of senior officers, "Two hand carts were rolled into the room, on one a three-foot cube of pure ice, on the other a block of pykrete the same size. Mountbatten then asked for someone to assist him with his demonstration, and General H. A. Arnold, Chief of Staff of the United States Army Air Corps, stepped forward. Mountbatten handed the General a heavy chopper."

Attacking the ice, he split it in half, but a great whack at the pykrete merely resulted in a yelp of pain from the General and the chopper bouncing off. Lord Mountbatten then drew a pistol from his pocket and fired it at the ice, shattering it. The pykrete resisted a second bullet. It ricocheted, causing both Lord Portal and Admiral King to duck.

Pykrete was a substance formed of ice and sawdust, and the idea was to use it for the construction of vast iceberg aircraft carriers. Pyke's memorandum explained how this would destroy enemy shipping, disrupt Japanese control of the Yangtze and assist in the invasion of Europe or Japan. What a pity no attempt was made to develop this after the apparently perfectly satisfactory trial stage!

BOOKS REVIEWED.

THE LAST BLUE MOUNTAIN, by Ralph Barker. (Chatto and Windus; 21s.)

TASSILI FRESCOES, by Henri Lhote. (Hutchinson; 35s.)

VOODOO IN HAITI, by Alfred Métraux. (Deutsch; 30s.)

VIN, by Edward Hyams. (Newnes; 21s.)

THE MERMAID MADONNA, by Stratis Myrivilis. (Hutchinson; 18s.)

THE CRAB-APPLE TREE, by Richard Church. (Heinemann; 15s.)

UNLESS I MARRY, by G. B. Stern. (Collins; 13s. 6d.)

THE WAR LOVER, by John Hersey. (Hamish Hamilton; 18s.)

DOCTOR AND SON, by Richard Gordon. (Joseph; 12s. 6d.)

THE CROWDED SKY, edited by Neville Duke and Edward Lanchberry. (Cassell; 30s.)

A STUDY IN INFAMY, by George Mikes. (Deutsch; 15s.)

PYKE, THE UNKNOWN GENIUS, by David Lampe. (Evans; 18s.)



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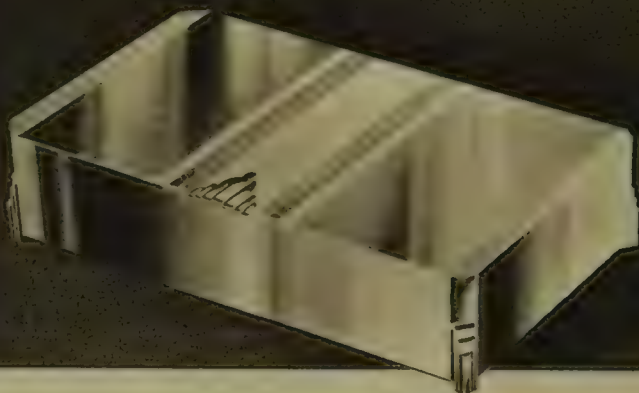
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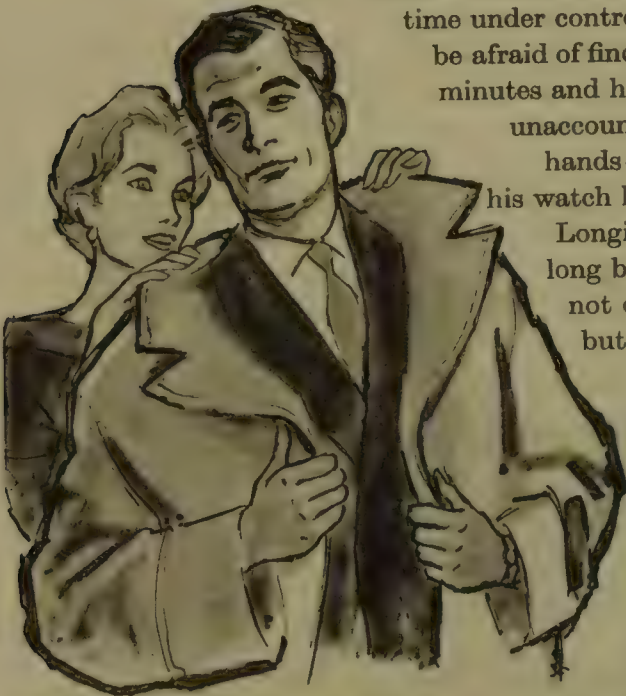
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PIECES FOR COLLECTORS

THE quality of charm is often thought to be an ephemeral one. And yet every year some of the most satisfying works of art that turn up in London galleries and sale-rooms possess that quality above all else: Meissen porcelain figures, Chinese landscapes carved in jade, or little objects of *bijouterie*, in which the most important quality is their power to give simple delight, by their almost ridiculous ingenuity and their impeccable craftsmanship and good taste.


A number of such pieces appeared in a sale at Christie's recently, where among a collection of miniature clocks and watches were several shaped as tiny musical instruments. One was a Swiss mandolin watch with the keyboard in black enamel and the front painted with a scene of lovers in a landscape. Another watch possessed a border decorated with a game of cricket in progress, while yet another had a scene of boats on a river. All of them were delightful and, of course, superbly useless. Mr. Villiers David has captured some of the same sense of fun in his recent pictures now on view at the Wildenstein Gallery. In the introduction to the catalogue he has written, "The greatest drunkards in Art are few, but their hopelessly sober followers are legion." One should not really pluck this remark from its context, yet it well expresses the exuberance of a man who obviously refuses to bear life as a cross, and who gives his pictures such titles as "Copying a Sung painting at 4 a.m.," and—for three still-lives—"The courtesan," "The seduction" and "The rape of the Sabinas."

More serious in tone is the exhibition at the Royal Academy, organised by the Arts Council, of drawings, water-colours and engravings by the French traditionalist André Dunoyer de Segonzac, who may well prove to be one of the last great realists.

Another realist, Carl Weight, is one of three painters currently showing at Agnew's, the other two being Robert Buhler and Roger de Grey. Buhler's fine portrait of Ruskin Spear will be familiar to anyone who visited this year's Royal Academy Summer Exhibition. At the same time the most controversial of contemporary English figurative painters, John Bratby, has been holding one of his most interesting exhibitions to date, at the Zwemmer Gallery, where a collection of— for Bratby—small pictures possess a superb sense of design, colour and atmosphere, and the repeated influence of Brigitte Bardot.

The theme of sport has been a popular one recently. Apart from two exhibitions, at Leggett's and at Ackermann's, there is another at the Tryon Gallery which shows, virtually for the first time in this country, the brilliant woodcuts of Robert Hainard, the eminent Swiss naturalist. This skilful and imaginative artist puts the majority of contemporary wild-life artists to shame. At Sotheby's on October 20 a wonderful collection of Books on Angling was sold (see our issue of October 10). This contained a number of early treatises on the sport, many of them with attractive and entertaining title-pages, and included a celebrated work—printed in 1496—by Dame Juliana Berners, who became an authority on hawking, hunting and fishing before retiring to a monastic life. Another concerns itself with "Sundrie Engines and Trappes to take Polcats, Buzards, Ratties, Mice and all other kindes of Vermine and Beasts."

Two other important occasions are the sale of the second part of the celebrated Dyson Perrins collection of manuscripts at Sotheby's on December 1, and the Charles Daubigny exhibition now on view at the Hazlitt Gallery—the first to be held in London since 1890.




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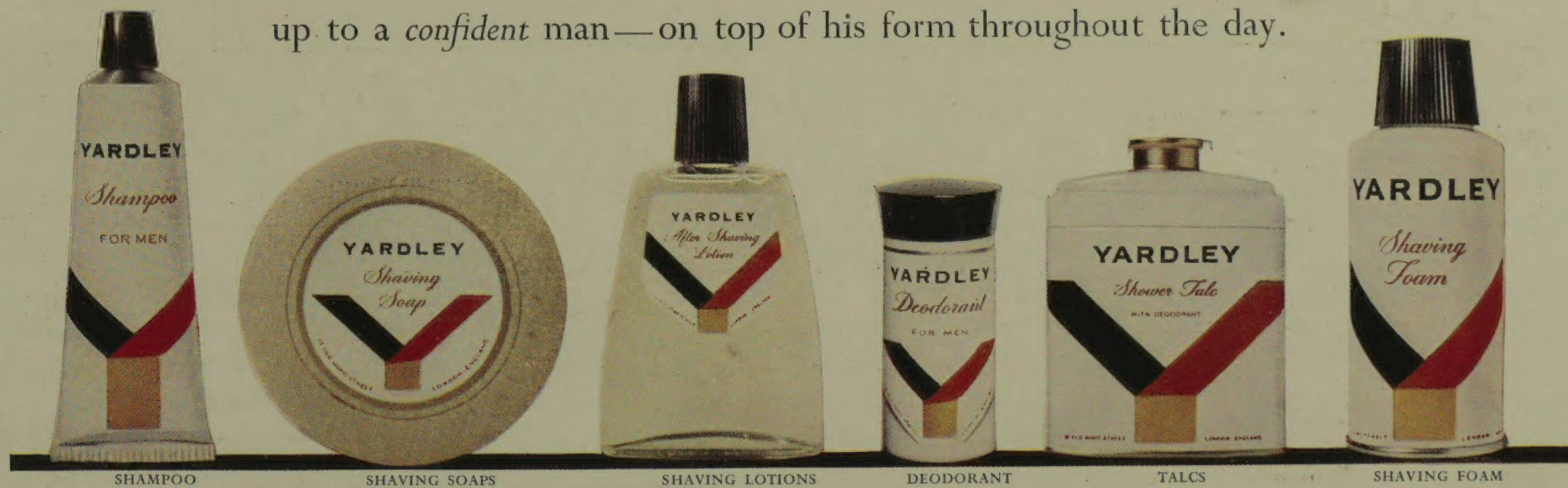
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